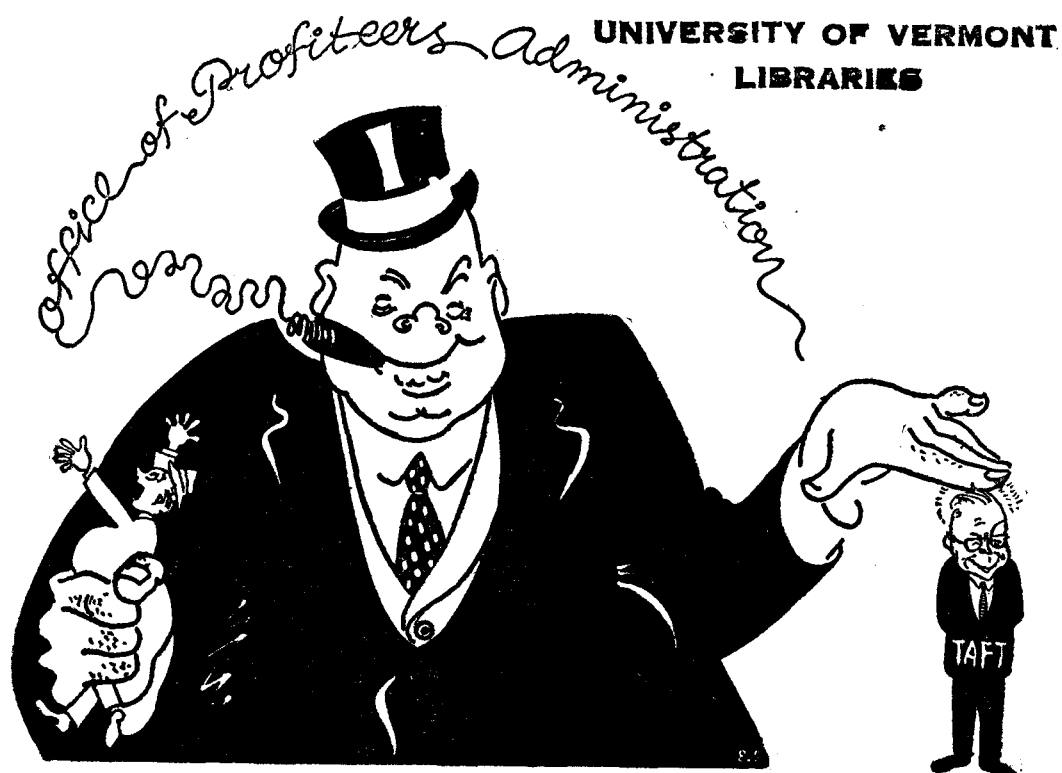


1946 JUL 15

New Republic

July 15, 1946

Fifteen Cents



INFLATION

—and what to do about it

by George Soule

Costly Harmony at Paris

by Saville Davis

The Coming Revolution in Spain

by Ralph Bates

Stalingrad Today

by Benjamin Waife

Braden Holds the Fort

by Blair Bolles

DO YOU WANT TO STOP INFLATION?

Do you want to bring prices down, maintain low rents, make the landlord paint your apartment if it needs painting?

Do you want politicians in the government to stop raising their own salaries, absorbing more and more manpower, and then blaming labor for inflation?

Are you tired of all the wrangling and fist showing among the Big Four when they should be dedicating themselves to winning the peace? Do you want to do away with fear of the next war? This time war means either mass electrocutions or mass deadly infections due to atomic and microbic warfare.

Do you want to do something about these things? Then it is time for you to stop reading the newspapers and listening to the radio indolently.

Writing your congressman for more legislation will not help. Remember that most congressmen are affected now, as they have ever been, by money-influenced views.

Your task is to put democracy to work and to make use of it yourself. To this effect,

1. Join a labor union if you are an employee—Employers are organized, politicians are organized, and so are all other parasitical and fascistic elements; you are the one who needs to be organized.
2. Make your union thoroughly democratic by choosing progressive and aggressive leadership coming from the rank and file and returning to it after a limited period of service, instead of maintaining plutocratic lifetime presidents.
3. Bear in mind that labor is the backbone of the community. If any one is to be supreme it is the man engaged in providing the necessities of life to the community. Therefore, labor is the proper champion of the people and deserves the support of the "public," since the latter is largely made up of labor.
4. Labor can and must stand on its own feet. Labor can and must be propelled by its own power. Therefore, labor legislation and political action are inconsequential if labor is fully and efficiently organized.
5. Remember that a general strike in Belgium recently accomplished what the Belgian government could not: a reduction of 10% in the cost of living.
6. Consumers can and should be organized into neighborhood or precinct unions to carry out policies for the promotion of economic welfare. Such unions can prevent a rise in price of one, or more than one, item at a time in food and other necessities by abstaining in an organized way from buying such items at the new higher price. Likewise they can prevent increases in rent by refusing in an organized way to pay higher rents.
7. Economic welfare is one interest which all propertyless people have in common. If people are organized on this basis they may obtain results and control even the government, which is the essence of democracy.

For more suggestions read "SEEDED BOMB," by Honest Man, a destructive and constructive criticism of economics, 64 pages, Illustrated. Price 33 cts. post-paid. Order from G. F. Ramirez, 911 Rhineland Ave., New York 60, N. Y.

PASS ON THE WORD

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Prices and Profits

IT is a sad commentary on American economic policy that in the very week when our price-control structure was blown sky-high in response to industry's demand for more profits, the Commerce Department announced that publicly reported cash dividends paid by corporations in April were almost 10 percent higher than for the same period last year when industry was enjoying the unprecedented profits of war. This announcement clearly exposed the falsity of the claim that OPA controls were wrecking production by interfering with profits. Dividends are not an exact measure of profits, by any means, but it is certain that if industry had been suffering from price control, as has been claimed, it would not be increasing dividends above the highly satisfactory level of last year.

The Commerce Department reported that in April publicly reported cash dividends paid by corporations were \$338,800,000, or 9.4 percent more than the \$309,600,000 reported in April, 1945, a war month. For the three months ending in April of this year, dividends totaled \$884,600,000, or 5.2 percent more than for the corresponding period last year. These increased dividends were paid during a period when industry was suffering from strikes and the complicated problems of reconversion—difficulties that are largely out of the way now.

One of the loudest arguments put forward by opponents of price control has been that the OPA, by keeping prices and profits down, has interfered with full production. This week saw the sudden rush of cattle and hogs to Middle Western stockyards. The producers who withheld their four-footed products from the nation's markets cannot expect even the hooted-at "bureaucratic economists and statisticians" to believe that a full-grown, fattened pig or steer can be produced in a matter of hours, or even a week. The *New York Times*, one of the strongest opponents of the OPA, reported one week after the OPA expired that "except for isolated cases . . . no great increase in production can be expected as a result of OPA termination because most of the country's major industries have been at close to capacity anyway."

If the removal of price controls will not increase production, the average consumer, the veteran, the ordinary American citizen is entitled to ask his elected representatives in Congress just why in the name of sense they were removed. Is it perhaps that Congress reflects the desires and wishes of highly paid, highly organized sections of the American economy rather than the desires of the citizen who sends his letters and his telegrams to Washington, then sits back in frustrated bewilderment while little or nothing happens? Congress seems to have more sympathy for the highly capitalized monopoly, the poor, deserving millionaires of America, than for the ordinary citizens whose votes can defeat its members in November.

THIS congressional sympathy for the poor millionaire comes on top of the recent disclosure by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics that during the war the profits went to the rich, as labor claimed, rather than to the working classes, as the average American newspaper tried to make its readers believe. About 60 percent of the tremendous savings accumulated by the American people during the war period, through purchases of war bonds and otherwise, went into the hands of the richest 10 percent of the families and only one percent of these savings was distributed among the poorest 40 percent of families.

The average poor family had saved only \$40 during the war. The average wealthy family, counting the top 10 percent as wealthy, had saved \$10,500. Thus the savings are not in the hands of consumers, but are owned by the families that have plenty of consumption income and are in the best position to get richer out of inflation through speculation.

The Commerce Department's report indicates that this wartime tendency to push more profits into the hands of the rich was still prevailing in the postwar period even when price controls were in existence. The lifting of price controls will only accentuate this trend. This biggest increase in dividends was shown by the railroads, which paid 65 percent more during the three-month period ending in April than during the corre-

sponding period last year. Yet they were recently granted a big freight-rate increase by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The next biggest gain was shown by trade, including wholesale as well as retail trade. Its dividends were up 16 percent, reflecting the prosperity of the store-keepers that is so evident on every hand.

The bulk of industry, except for electrical machinery, automobiles and metals, which were engaged in fighting labor instead of producing, showed larger dividends than last year when profits were close to the highest in history.

To throw unwarranted price increases into such an industrial situation is pump-priming with a vengeance. The first splashes along the surface of the sea of American prices are faint and weak indeed, compared to the strong groundswell of inflation that inches up, week by week, into an overwhelming flood. The wholesale price of a bushel of corn last week went up almost 50 percent—from \$1.63 to \$2.42.

Students of college economics, remembering their struggles with the corn-hog cycle, may well ponder the implications of this one rise for the cost of pork and bacon on food counters in six months.

The British Loan and Isolation

The isolationists in the United States smiled as the House of Representatives got ready to debate the British loan. For both the House and the country as a whole, especially New York and California, showed a dangerous tendency toward abandonment of America's responsibility in world affairs in favor of a righteous stand on an extraneous issue.

A score of congressmen who had favored the loan on June 11 decided to oppose it, because British Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin on June 12 angered Zionists and their supporters by his rude remarks on Palestine and Jews at the Bournemouth Labor Party Conference. The Zionists, in turn, then urged their friends both in Congress and in the executive branch of the federal government to oppose the loan. Even if the loan survived the tendency to base foreign policy on wrath, the appearance of this tendency is a warning that the United States is not yet at home in international affairs.

Everyone with a knowledge of history and a drop of human sentiment shares the resentment of Zionists over the blundering, tactless, weak and often brutal dallying of the British as they put off action in Palestine.

But the United States can improve affairs in Palestine only by taking a larger share of responsibility in Palestine, not by severing economic relations with England or any other country. And the United States can improve affairs in the world and at home only if it encourages recognition of the interdependence of states

by such acts as the British loan. We only invite disaster both for ourselves and Palestine if we crawl back into the hole of isolationism in noble anger at the shortcomings of our neighbors.

Not Peace or a Sword

MEASURED either by the high ideal of the Atlantic Charter or by the brutal pragmatism of power, the second meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers has failed. Luxemburg Palace was not, apparently, as far distant from the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles as had been hoped by the millions who fought the Second World War.

The function of a peace conference is to create a climate in which world peace can flourish. But at this writing, the Big Four have fled from the principal element of such a climate—a settlement of the German problem. And in postponing for one year the ultimate disposition of the Italian colonies while continuing their control for that period by Great Britain rather than by the United Nations, the powers have made it possible, even likely, that the friction between the East and the West will now be extended throughout the whole Mediterranean.

If Russia sought security in the power of an Eastern European sphere, she hardly found it at Paris in the creation of the Free Territory of Trieste and the gerrymandering of frontier provinces. And if the United States and Britain were seeking means of preventing Soviet encroachments while withdrawing from the occupation of Europe, they hardly achieved it by such piecemeal arrangements as the covenant for Russian withdrawal from Bulgaria upon Anglo-American evacuation of Italy.

And if anyone held hope for realization of the high ideals of the Atlantic Charter, that hope died in the agreement by the powers on the South Tyrol and on Briga and Tenda.

Yet, in a world where the great allies eye each other almost as enemies, action is better than inaction and even a compromise settlement is better than stalemate. The millions who had dreamed that a new and better Europe could be quickly constructed once German nazism and Italian fascism were extirpated, must now reconcile themselves to tortuous progress through the same old and dangerous devices of diplomacy.

Seen from this disillusioned viewpoint, the decisions on Trieste may represent progress. The situation there had deteriorated to a point which made the issue an acute danger to the entire world. Obnoxious as the Paris agreement may be to Belgrade and Rome, it still dampens the tinder which might have caused a world conflagration. The hope for real progress lies in the agreement that the permanent statute for the Free Territory of Trieste must be finally approved by the

United Nations Security Council. The powers of the UN are still rudimentary and the veto still works in the Security Council with enervating effect. But at least, the Paris decision transfers the Trieste issue to an arena where law is the rule and relieves the fear that the fate of the great Adriatic port might be settled by the force of Tito's divisions or the British and American fleets.

The decisions of the Council of Ministers are now to be consigned to the conference of the 21 nations which fought the war. If the experience of small-nation intervention at San Francisco and Hunter College means anything, the effects of this conference will be salutary. It is true that under the terms of last December's Moscow covenant, the 21-nation conference can do little more than recommend; it will remain for the great powers to draft the final treaties. But the chancelleries of the powers have not in the past been completely impervious to the strong voice of the lesser nations and perhaps will not be impervious this summer.

Moral force still has effect in the world. It is yet possible that the lesser nations which earned the right to participate in the peace can compel a reshaping of the treaties. It is getting late, but there still is time to achieve, not a settlement, but an honest and enduring peace.

The Polish Election

IN THE FIRST ELECTION held in Poland in eleven years, the left-wing coalition has won what appears on the surface to be an overwhelming victory over the Polish Peasant Party of Vice-Premier Mikolajczyk. It would be unsafe, however, to look upon this as a true test of strength. The election was a referendum in which all the parties supported nationalization of industry, land reform and the new western boundary line. They divided on the structure of parliament, the coalition standing for a one-chamber body, Mikolajczyk's party for two chambers. With rural returns likely to cut the majority somewhat, the verdict is three to one for the single chamber advocated by the Socialists, the Communistic Workers' Party and others of the Left.

Before final conclusions are drawn from this, it should be remembered that Poland historically has had a unicameral legislature. The election showed plainly enough that Mikolajczyk could not persuade a majority of the Polish electorate to accept a parliamentary structure with which it was unfamiliar, but this falls far short of proving that these same voters will support the parliamentary candidates of the coalition government, which suffers from all the accumulated grievances of the reconstruction period plus the heavy handicap of Polish dislike of Soviet Russia.

Mikolajczyk, the conservative, has shown himself to be a clever and unscrupulous politician. Last January he demanded the confiscation of nationalized foreign-owned property in Poland. That forced the Communist ministers, Minc and Gomulka, to go to bat for compensation to foreigners, in order to maintain trade relations with the West, and allowed Mikolajczyk to tell the peasants that they were being taxed by the left wing for the benefit of foreign capitalists and Polish city workers. The peasant leader may even profit from this referendum defeat by its lulling effect on the left-wing parties. His cry that members of his party were arrested on election day was obviously made for its international effect, but there is probably some truth in it.

The Polish Peasant Party has been transformed of late into a catch-all political organization. Polish political elements outlawed by the Yalta and Potsdam agreements have swarmed into Mikolajczyk's party. These include the followers of the former London government-in-exile, the fascistic and violently anti-Semitic NSZ (National Armed Forces) and disorganized remnants of the old Sanacja dictatorship. These groups, especially the NSZ, seek to carry on legal political activity under Mikolajczyk, along with their under-

BUYERS' STRIKE GROWING

In Washington, 32 national organizations have joined forces as the Citizens' Price Defense Committee to lead the American resistance movement against inflation. Last week they left their calling card—a list of more than 5,000 signatures from irate citizens who made pledges to buy only basic commodities until the OPA is restored—at the office of the NAM. They sent 1,500 telegrams to their local groups asking for buyers'-strike demonstrations as a nationwide protest against inflation.

The leaders of the committee have mapped out a campaign for community action in which all of us can join during the next two weeks:

1. Organize a local Price Defense Committee of representatives from organizations interested in holding the price line.
2. Patrol the stores in your community and publicize any break-throughs of established rent or ceiling prices. Write letters or send delegations to storekeepers, complaining of rises.
3. Write or wire details of increases to the Defense Committee headquarters at 130 Third Street, S.E., Washington, D. C. These will be reported to congressmen.
4. Set up booths where citizens can sign petitions and write their congressmen, urging them to expedite congressional action on the OPA.
5. Balk when it comes to buying. Purchase only necessary food and commodities.

ground armed resistance to the government, their anti-Semitic activities and their campaign of assassination of labor leaders.

So far from foreshadowing a clear-cut fight for parliamentary control between Mikolajczyk and the government coalition of which he is nominally a member, with the loser accepting the verdict, the present situation has all the ingredients of an incipient civil war. That danger, and the difficulty of holding an election, are enhanced by the whispering campaign conducted by agents of General Anders, who tell the people that the Polish government will be overthrown any minute as the by-product of an atomic attack by the United States upon Soviet Russia. The dynamite in the situation is made plain enough by the post-election attack upon Jews in Kielce—an attack attributed by the government to the NSZ.

OPA in the Senate

THE OPA may yet emerge from the grave its enemies dug for it. Nothing is certain, with the gantlet of Senate and House still to be run, but for the first time OPA prospects are looking up a little. President Truman's courageous refusal to sign a sham bill may win out.

The OPA outlook changed very rapidly last week. At the beginning it was black. The objectors in both Senate and House who blocked the introduction of a continuation resolution immediately after the sustaining of the President's veto had made that sure. On July 1 the House passed a resolution extending price control to July 20, but the members were well aware at the time that the Senate in all probability would take a different course and that their action would be meaningless. That explained the overwhelming vote, 283 to 61. Numerous foes of price control went along for the ride.

In the Senate, Majority Leader Barkley decided to try for a price-control bill proper rather than a temporary extension. He reasoned—probably correctly—that it would be as difficult to get the temporary continuation past the Senate anti-OPA diehards as it would a regular bill.

At first Senator Barkley sponsored a revised Taft amendment that came very close to out-Tafting Taft. But after the newspaper stories appeared, Senator Barkley got behind a new revision of the Taft and Wherry amendments prepared by Paul Porter, head of the OPA, and his legal staff. These amendments were a different story. They pulled the fangs of the Taft and Wherry amendments. The measure of how well they did so was given by Senator Taft, who angrily called them "as good as nothing, as far as I'm concerned."

On three major points, the Barkley-OPA substitute

for the Taft amendment went to the core of the objections raised by the President to the Taft amendment:

1. The Taft amendment put into prices the profit per unit of sales received by any industry for any particular product in 1941. As Mr. Truman pointed out, profit margins were at a record high in 1941. The new amendment changes the base year to 1940 when profit margins were much lower. This alone is expected to reduce any price increases by hundreds of millions of dollars.

2. The Taft amendment would have required the OPA to add to the prices of automobiles, refrigerators and other reconversion products all the abnormally high costs arising from temporary low volume and changeover conditions. Under the new amendment, the OPA may continue to take abnormal volume into consideration in fixing prices.

3. The Taft amendment would have given manufacturers and producers "peak profits on every item even where production was going full blast and profits were eminently satisfactory." Under the new amendment, no industry has to produce any major product at a loss, but it may not apply for a higher price on a profitable product unless it can demonstrate that the increase would expand production and would not interfere with its output of some equally needed product.

Porter told the committee that the revised amendments would be workable, and that he would not recommend another veto on the basis of them. Barkley also said that he had "every reason to believe" that the President would sign the bill as revised, even though it still contained other amendments to which the President had objected, particularly the transfer of the control of agricultural commodities to the Secretary of Agriculture; the elimination of the low-cost clothing program; the drastic reduction in subsidies; and some of the decontrol features.

Senators Taft and Wherry are driving to put back their original amendments, and also are lending their aid to a move to put in the bill an amendment barring any resumption of price control on meat, poultry, eggs and dairy products. However, the situation is a little different today. The President's veto put the responsibility for enacting an effective price-control bill directly on Congress. This time, too, there is no doubt about what would happen to prices without controls. Cattle prices have hit a high for recent years; hog prices are up; the wholesale index is climbing; reports of rent increases are pouring in. Despite the lavishly advertised pledges to hold to OPA ceiling prices as long as possible, and the caution with which most businesses are proceeding in a period of uncertainty, the picture of the inflation to come is clear.

As a result of all this, some of the shrewdest judges of that wholly unpredictable body—the Senate—give revised price control a better than even chance of passing.

A Program for Palestine

THE SITUATION in Palestine has again degenerated into a small-scale civil war, in some ways the worst of all the many outbursts of violence in that unhappy country in the past twenty-five years. The immediate cause was a statement of British Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin that Britain does not intend to follow the recommendation of the Anglo-American Commission of Inquiry and send 100,000 Jewish refugees at once from Europe to Palestine. Mr. Bevin says to do so immediately would require, to keep order, the use of more troops than England can spare at the present time. Whether or not additional troops would in fact be needed to prevent a spontaneous uprising by the Arabs, is a matter of sharp dispute.

In order to understand the present situation in Palestine, it is necessary to recall how the conflict came about.

During the last war, the hard-pressed British, with Turkey in the enemy alliance, made mutually incompatible promises to the Arabs and the Jews, none of which were subsequently carried out as they were interpreted by the interested parties. The Balfour Declaration of 1917 stated that Great Britain "looked with favor" on the establishment of a Jewish National Home in Palestine. During most of the time since then, the British government's official view has been that this was not a guarantee of political autonomy to the Jews, while most of the latter have insisted that it was. At any rate, France and Italy endorsed the proposal for a National Home in 1918, and the United States did so in 1922. Following the end of the war, Palestine was put under a League of Nations mandate to Great Britain, authorized in 1922 and effective in September, 1923.

As early as 1920, Arabian riots had begun against Jewish immigration and in 1922 the Churchill White Paper reiterated the British government's view that what had been promised was merely a "culturally autonomous" Jewish community. Intermittent Arab riots rose to a fresh climax in 1929 and the following year, the Passfield White Paper sought to appease the Arabs by recommending further restrictions on Jewish immigration and purchase of land. A year later, under strong Jewish pressure, the MacDonald Letter withdrew the Passfield suggestion.

By 1936, an Arab general strike forced another inquiry by a British Royal Commission. The Peel Report of its findings, published in 1937, recommended a flat partition, giving the Jews Galilee, the Plain of Esdraelon and the coast, the Arabs getting the rest of Palestine and Transjordan. The result was that violence between Jews and Arabs, and on the part of both against the British, grew worse. Thereupon the British government sent out the Woodhead Commission, which brought in a report highly discouraging to partition, although it suggested alternative forms of such a division if anybody wanted to try them.

In 1939 came the famous White Paper, which the Jews felt was a complete betrayal of previous promises. In this paper, Britain rejected partition and announced that she

felt the obligation to create a cultural national home had now been fulfilled. A plan was set up for self-government by Jews and Arabs together in Palestine in increasing amounts over ten years. In the meantime, however, further Jewish immigration was to be suspended except to the number of 75,000 more in a period of five years. Thereafter, the continuance or increase of such immigration was to be contingent upon Arab approval, something that has never yet been witnessed under any circumstances. Further purchase of land by the Jews was prohibited.

With the coming of the war, this plan was only partially carried out. By 1943, only 44,000, instead of 75,000, Jews had entered legally, and the deadline was postponed to let in the additional 31,000 at the rate of 1,500 a month. Substantial illegal immigration had taken place, however, some of it under conditions of great hardship and risk. Palestine Jews participated in the war effort on the side of the Allies in far greater proportions than did the Palestinian Arabs; 27,000 Jews entered various armed services and in September, 1944, after long agitation, an independent Jewish Brigade Group was set up, working with the British Army. In the meantime, however, large illegal Jewish armed forces had made their appearance in Palestine, committing numerous acts of violence. The British and the Arabs also used force in substantial proportions; in effect, a war has been going on for many years. The illegal Jewish forces have been estimated as high as 60,000 or more.

In recent years, Arabian political activity has been largely concentrated in the Arab League, which in December, 1945, began a boycott of Palestinian Jewish industry.

Since the United States had for many years pressed upon Great Britain the merits of the Jewish case, this country was challenged by the British to participate in a committee of inquiry, and finally acceded to this request. The committee's report, as noted above, was made on April 20, 1946. Its chief features may be summarized as follows:

One hundred thousand Jews were to be sent from Europe to Palestine as fast as possible.

Both partition and a state dominated by either Jews or Arabs were decisively rejected, in favor of a state where the rights of both groups and all minorities are carefully protected.

The present mandate would be continued until it can be supplanted by a trusteeship under the United Nations.

Present restrictions on the purchase of land would be largely abolished.

No comprehensive development scheme such as the Lowdermilk proposal for "a TVA on the Jordan" should be permitted under private auspices, or without the cordial cooperation of both Arabs and Jews.

This report having been rejected, at least as regards one of its important elements, by the British government, it becomes appropriate to discuss the whole question of Palestine's long-range future.

It seems clear that the destiny of this region cannot possibly be settled permanently at the present time.

Several conditions which will vitally affect the future of the Near and Middle East, including Palestine, are obviously in a state of flux. In the past, British policy has been dominated by imperial considerations, the Suez Canal as the "lifeline of empire," the necessity for placating the Moslems of India, who are co-religionists of the Arabs, the desire to checkmate the imperial ambitions of Germany, France and Italy, the wish to continue profitable exploitation of oil and other resources in this region, and so on.

Most of these reasons for desiring the status quo are likely to disappear or be greatly altered within the next few years. A genuine offer of independence to India has at last been made, reducing the necessity to propitiate the Moslem world. In view of the growing restiveness of Burma and Malaya, the strong influence Russia is beginning to exert in those regions, and the changing economic pattern (for instance, with synthetic rubber vying with natural), Britain's colonial necessities and desires are obviously not on a permanent basis. Germany is no longer an imperial power. France, Italy and England herself are now dominated by social democracy; and the new socialist governments should move steadily and rapidly away from colonial exploitation.

While it is impossible to freeze the future for all time, prompt and decisive action can and must be taken in view of the rapidly worsening situation in Palestine. The *New Republic* offers the following as the chief points in a practicable and desirable solution:

1. *The Palestine mandate should be transferred to the United Nations, as an international responsibility and not one of Great Britain alone.*

It is now clear that this area should never have been allotted to the care of a single nation, and least of all to Great Britain, for whom the welfare of the inhabitants has consistently been subordinated to considerations of imperial policy. The old mandate system of the League of Nations, which in fact made the mandated area a colony of one power, was a mistake and should be abandoned.

2. *The report of the Anglo-American Commission of Inquiry should be carried out at once as regards the admission of 100,000 Jews from Europe to Palestine.*

The position of a large proportion of the Jews in Europe is desperate, and seems unsolvable except by their removal. The only reason for limiting the number to go to Palestine at once to 100,000 is the physical problem presented.

3. *All restrictions on the purchase of land by either Jews or Arabs in any part of Palestine should be abolished at once.*

These restrictions are doing great economic harm and are serving no compensatory political or economic purpose.

4. *The United States should admit a substantial number of additional Jewish refugees to this country*

and, if necessary, give them financial aid in getting resettled here.

It is quite true, as Mr. Bevin charged the other day, that the present immigration policy of the United States is strongly tinged with anti-Semitism. We have no right to demand that other doors be opened to Jews while our own doors, through a hypocritical subterfuge, are closed. We have no right, at the close of the greatest war in history, fought for the principles of democracy, to bar anyone from this country on a basis of race or religion.

5. *If additional troops are needed in Palestine to suppress Arab attacks on the Jews, these troops should be sent under international auspices, which should also control the way in which they are used within the country.*

The best solution would be for the United Nations to take over the mandate immediately and call upon all its member nations to supply troops and other assistance in proportion to the population and resources of each country. If this is impractical at the present moment, the United States should send troops to Palestine and should then share with Great Britain the responsibility for working out a solution of the problem there.

6. *This country should make a very substantial contribution to help finance the resettlement of Jews in Palestine.*

President Truman has already indicated that we are prepared to bear the burden of transporting the refugees from Germany. All displaced persons in the American zone in Germany are cared for at the expense of our government. There is every moral reason why we should continue our present degree of responsibility for the Jewish refugees after they go to Palestine, until they are on their feet and able to take care of themselves.

7. *Under the United Nations mandate, immediate steps should be taken to relieve the poverty of both the Jews and the Arabs.*

The greatest evil in Palestine is poverty. Cure it, and most of the other problems will disappear. The land should be nationalized, as Mr. Bevin has suggested. Drastic curbs should be instituted against the exploitation of the workers of both races by the capitalists of either race. Substantial sums should be raised, primarily by Great Britain and the United States, for the development of social services among the poor of both races, but especially the Arabs, for health, education, housing and a general increase in the standard of living.

The foregoing is presented as an immediate emergency program to halt the civil war which is now beginning in Palestine. We believe, however, that if these measures were put into effect, they would go far toward creating the permanent solution to Palestine's problems.

SEIZE THE FARM EQUIPMENT PLANTS!

BY JAMES G. PATTON

President, the National Farmers' Union

Obscured in the vast domestic and international economic collisions of these times, one labor conflict of the very highest import has gone almost unnoticed by the general public. This is the strike of the workers in the Allis-Chalmers and J. I. Case farm-equipment-manufacturing plants, concentrated mainly in Wisconsin but with economic consequences reaching into every state in the Union.

This strike dates back, for some of the strikers, to last December. The unions principally involved are the United Farm Equipment Workers and a wing of the United Automobile Workers, both CIO.

The strike, as is usual, was a last resort of workers who had seen their living costs steadily spiral while their wartime earnings went down even more rapidly than prices went up. They objected, too, to unsatisfactory conditions in the plants, some necessary perhaps during war but not in peacetime.

Those were the days when presidential fact-finding boards were the main reliance of government for the reconversion from war to peace. The result in the instance of the farm-equipment strike is illuminating. Its history is a record of the futility, the intellectual and political feebleness of government in meeting the challenge of reconversion.

After some parleying, the unions agreed in the main to accept the dicta of the Fact-Finding Board. Management did not. The Secretary of Labor appealed to management to come to Washington and negotiate. Management refused. The Secretaries of Labor and Agriculture jointly appealed again. Management again refused to sit down with union representatives, who had agreed each time.

The report of the Fact-Finding Board accumulated dust. The Secretary of Labor announced that the government would seize the plants and bring the recalcitrant operators to book. The report accumulated more dust while days went by. Finally, the President laid the matter before the cabinet, and it became known that some members of the cabinet did not like the idea of seizure. The Department of Labor desperately assured questioners that it still "hoped" the plants would be seized. The Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion referred questioners to the Department of Agriculture, and pointed out that Secretary of Labor Schwollenbach had exceeded his authority! This paradox comes about, says the OWMR, because the products manufactured at the plants are agricultural and therefore the Department of Agriculture, "under established procedures," is responsible for asking for seizure and carrying it out. Thus, the Department of Labor, according to the OWMR, has nothing to do with any labor dispute of this character that may involve seizure!

Behind all this mumbo-jumbo, two main facts are readily apparent. One is that the Secretary of Agriculture declines to assume responsibility for remedying a condition highly detrimental to farmers, a condition with which he has the power to deal; and that in taking this attitude he is siding with the wealthy owners of these plants against both farmers and workers. The second fact is that OWMR Director Steelman is only too glad to permit the present deadlock to continue.

But these two facts of life in government are appallingly puny alongside the overshadowing impact of the strike on the nation's life.

Throughout the war, farmers went without new equipment. They even had to forgo parts. Many times during the war it appeared that production in some vital agricultural areas would break down because of these lacks. Thousands of farmers had just managed to get through to this year. Then, with new equipment and parts at last in sight, the plants closed.

A continued strike means both money losses to everyone and a sacrifice of crops needed for food. In view of the worldwide famine, the worldwide shortages in agricultural production and the menacing possibility of a bad crop year in the United States, it is woefully improvident of our government to do nothing about the stoppage in production of farm equipment. Statesmanship long ago would have resolved the fumbling, the clashing of personalities to the detriment of the public good, that have resulted in paralysis.

All of this leaves out of account the dire need of the workers themselves. Needless to say, they did not want this strike, and our farmers know they are not to blame for it. These farmers will not be fooled by the tactics management has employed in seeking to blame labor, as for instance when one company, with large stocks of repair parts stored, declined to sell them to farmers and then sought to blame the unions for the farmers' inability to buy parts already manufactured. But members of the National Farmers' Union know the severe hardships these workers are undergoing in the effort to maintain a minimum standard of decency for themselves in wages and working conditions, and they are with these workers.

All of these tragic consequences could still be minimized if the government would act forcefully and at once, seize the plants and operate them according to the findings of the Fact-Finding Board until such time as management is ready to deal openly and fairly with the representatives of its workers. To that end, it would be a public service if every citizen would call upon President Truman to act.

Washington Wire

Scandals of World War II

IS SAMUEL R. BEARD in the room?" asked Senator Mead. A 300-pound, frog-shaped individual shambled to the witness chair of the War Profits Investigating Committee. "What is your profession?" "Gambler." "And how long have you followed this, ah, profession?" "Thirty years." "What type gambler are you, if we may ask?" inquired Chairman Mead delicately. "Race-track gambler." "Do you accept bets on horses—is that it?" Mr. Beard shifted uneasily. "I wouldn't say that." "You invest your money on horses, trying to pick out the winners?" Mr. Beard sighed with relief. "That's right," he said.

This extraordinary underworld character, it developed, cashed checks and served as banker for some Washington officials of the mushroom Garsson munitions empire, whose legislative mouthpiece was pompous, fatuous Representative Andrew J. May (D, Ky.), chairman of the all-powerful Military Affairs Committee. And with this extraordinary introduction the first big, explosive postwar munitions scandal had been launched. Its effects will go on and on.

The Garsson-Gellman-Weiss paper organization had a miraculous ability to grab army contracts and a nightmare maze of interlocking and wholly-owned subsidiaries that, for tax purposes, defied accounting. It did produce lots of shells though, even though costs were high and relatives were padded on the payroll. One wife and one mother-in-law between them sluiced \$453,000 onto their private possession in four years, for doing nothing. During the same four years, boys were dying in the foxholes.

In and out and all through the contract negotiations traveled "Andy" May. His booming voice harried nerve-wracked Army officers. He arranged "contacts" for the tough Garssons. He saw that they got the prized "E" (for excellence) award, over the heads of furious Chicago district war officials. But some of these officials, in awe or innocence, protected themselves. When General L. H. Campbell Jr., Chief of Ordnance, came to Washington he was given a little device: a recording machine. You pressed a button when you got a telephone call, and after the tubes warmed up, it recorded the conversation.

It was handy for inter-office records. "When a member of Congress calls up, I generally press the button," explained Major General William N. Porter, former chief of the Chemical Warfare Service. "Does the Congressman know when you press the button?" asked Senator Homer Ferguson (R, Mich.) at one point. No, the congressman didn't. One of Mr. May's recorded conversations had him explaining, "The Garssons are good friends of mine and have been very kind to me in the past about some things." About what things? He is alleged to have cashed checks for the Cumberland Lumber Company, a Garsson subsidiary, for lumber which the company never delivered.

Odd goings-on! Whether corruption is involved or not, the facts already reveal a revolting example of war profiteering. Short-term results are amusing. Congressmen

are dashing about frothing at the "bureaucrats" (they mean Army officers) who have "tapped wires" (they mean recorded conversations). But that isn't the real story. The American mood wavers on a razor's edge between internationalism and isolationism. Signs of it multiply everywhere. And now here is a great scandal to help destroy the remaining war idealism and strengthen the postwar forces of cynicism and revulsion. Will the Garsson case become a symbol to the GI's of what went on at home? Nobody can tell. But a generation ago this reporter watched Gerald P. Nye and his senatorial investigation build up the myth that Woodrow Wilson's World War I was fabricated, root and branch, by the corrupt munitions makers: a myth that had more to do with America's pre-Pearl Harbor isolationism than a lot of other factors. It will be interesting now to see what "Andy" May has to say for himself. And it will be of deeper interest to see what the effect of these, and other, disgusting revelations will be on the uneasy balance of America's postwar mood.

We might as well candidly state our skepticism about the chances of getting a satisfactory retroactive price-control law through Congress, or the chances of really halting the inflation tide now. The OPA was as much a psychological as a legal barrier in its effect, particularly after its tools of rationing and raw-material allocation were stripped from it. Now there has been a sort of moral holiday from OPA discipline and we doubt if we can ever quite get back to where we were. The fact is, America has failed. Other nations have halted inflation, but the United States hasn't, and now Canada and the rest are hastily trying to insulate themselves from the American mess. Why did we fail? Because, in modern society, you have to have planning, and Americans, or the people who run America, are not yet willing to accept the discipline of planning. Besides that, planning is terribly difficult in a governmental set-up like ours with the Executive on one side of a Chinese constitutional wall and the Legislature on the other. The OPA veto followed a breakdown of liaison between Executive and Congress.

Meanwhile the effort to deny the inevitable goes on. In a front-page story last Saturday the *New York Times* (vigorously anti-OPA) concocts this pontifical "lead":

The country completes today its first week without price control except over rents without any indication having appeared of a general skyrocketing of prices beyond the spectacular advances registered earlier by basic commodities, and with only staple foodstuffs, led by butter, continuing to move upward.

The *Times* may not know what's happening, but Canada does: she boosts her exchange rate. Wait till the *Times* buys its next newsprint.

Notes. — Truman's OPA veto has knocked congressional hopes of July 20th adjournment into a cocked hat. . . . John L. Lewis is going to stay a Democrat; he's well satisfied with what he's got from Truman and John R. Steelman. . . . Inflation cut the proposed value of the British loan in the seven months of congressional delay; originally it represented 15 days' cost of the war; now about 13 days.

Washington

T. R. B.

Political Roundup

Education for Politics

THE 500 STUDENTS who were graduated by the first School of Political Action Techniques have gone home to organize their part of a national political-school system. The National Citizens' PAC, which sponsored the Washington experiment, has been swamped with requests from communities all over the country to help them organize local counterparts. The original 500 students came to Washington from 36 states and a very representative lot of organizations, not all union or left-wing by any means. They learned from the leading liberal experts how to canvass a neighborhood, how to write campaign speeches and leaflets, how to make a political analysis of a district, how to raise money, choose a candidate, get voters to the polls, and much more.

The net result is 500 semi-professional workers where 500 amateurs were before. The political secrets which party bosses have kept carefully for their own gangs for so long will now be poured into the stream of public education as the NCPAC shows regional, state and local groups how to set up political-education programs of their own. This school system can be the thing that will finally take American liberals out of their rut and into action. If it is, Lewis Frank, the young leader who conceived the plan for the Washington school, will be entitled to a spot in U. S. party history.

The South.—Thus far in the '46 elections most of the good news has come from the South. Florida gave us Spessard Holland in place of bumbling old Senator Andrews and George Smathers instead of one of the worst House reactionaries, Pat Cannon of Miami. Alabama chose a promising liberal, Jim Folsom, for Governor. North Carolina reelected generally progressive Representative John Folger in a run-off contest with the state's bitterest reactionary, Thurman Chatham.

Mississippi did nothing to contribute to this trend last week. Bilbo and Rankin are both reelected. But there is encouragement even in these results for those who realize that progress in Mississippi must be a gradual matter. Rankin won this time by less than a 3,000-vote majority. In 1944 and in 1942, he won by 8,000. About 95,000 voters cast their ballots against Bilbo this time as compared to 62,000 in 1940. Bilbo's majority last week was less than 4,000 votes. It is easy to see what will happen with any liberalization of poll-tax restrictions, even as regards white voters alone.

Alabama voters have a chance to make up somewhat for the Bilbo setback. On July 30, they will choose between able, intelligent New Deal Representative John Sparkman and two of the South's worst specimens, Representative Frank Boykin and State Senator James Simpson, stooge for Northern corporate interests. Boykin is making foreign food relief an issue in the campaign, declaring that if the Lord meant "those people" to have food, He would have sent it to Europe instead of America in the first place.

Sparkman, to the credit of Alabama, is the favorite to win in spite of the vast campaign funds reactionary interests are pouring into the state from outside.

Georgia.—A similar showdown choice is to be made on July 17, this time for the governorship. James Carmichael, who has the support of liberal Governor Ellis Arnall, barred from succeeding himself, is steadily gaining ground over two undistinguished former Governors, Gene Talmadge and Ed Rivers, who represent the same reactionary money groups. Talmadge, of course, unashamedly waves the bloody shirt and appeals to the lowest racist prejudices. Rivers is talking a progressive line in this race, bidding heavily for labor support, but Georgians remember his close connection with the KKK and its Imperial Wizard, the pardon racket and the closing of the schools under his previous administration. Carmichael almost certainly will have a comfortable majority of the popular vote, but the county-unit system under which Georgia elections are held often short-circuit democracy. Sparsely populated counties have practically as much voice under this system as do urban areas. Experts say that it is possible, under the county-unit system, for a Governor to be elected by less than 15 percent of the votes cast. Carmichael is, of course, directing his fight with this booby trap clearly in mind.

Highly significant in this race is the unprecedented support for Carmichael. Of the 200 papers in the state, the score is now 130 for Carmichael, 7 for Talmadge and 10 for Rivers, with the Carmichael figure increasing daily. Carmichael's percentage in polls taken in colleges throughout the state runs between 72 and 98. Last Sunday both Atlanta papers featured the results of a poll of the Georgia Justices' and Constables' Association, which has correctly predicted the last four gubernatorial elections. Their votes pick Carmichael as the winner by almost two to one.

North Carolina.—The defeat of Thurman Chatham in the Sixth District represents a hard-won people's victory over the latest style in reactionary politicians. Chatham was a founder of the American Liberty League, a vice-president of the NAM, a smart popular orator with a plan. Representative Folger has the best voting record in the state delegation, one of the most liberal in the South. After trailing by 59 votes in the first primary late in May, Folger came back to win the run-off race two weeks ago by 3,000 votes, the result of determined, mature activity by organized progressives in and out of organized labor. This year they added 10,000 names to the voting lists of the district during registration, and the primary vote was twice that recorded in similar elections in the past.

Tennessee.—Ned Carmack, the 46-year-old liberal who is challenging 77-year-old Kenneth McKellar for his Senate seat this year, is waging the most active fighting campaign Tennessee has seen in a long time. The outcome, experts say, hinges largely on the size of the vote on primary day, August 1. Carmack made a splendid showing in his race against Senator Tom Stewart in 1942. The big question is how much over 300,000 the vote will go this time, with returned servicemen taking part. The professional politicians believe that a 400,000 vote will put Carmack in. A 350,000 vote will mean a close decision.

How to Weather Inflation

by George Soule

THE END of the OPA is the final warning to wise economic mariners that they should make everything shipshape for a coming storm. Price inflation will bring a depression more quickly and make it sharper. But even if by some miracle inflation can still be avoided, there is likely to be an unemployment crisis within the next few years.

According to a recent dispatch to the *New York Times*, Sweden, a democratic country which practises economic planning for full employment, is now making ready for the next worldwide depression, which the Swedish economists believe will originate in the United States. Great Britain, which, like Sweden, is enjoying active trade, also fears that this country will become a center of disturbance and is doing her best to prepare against the resulting misfortune.

Though Americans have not learned to control the destructive forces in their gigantic economy by the collective foresight and discipline adopted by the Britons and the Swedes, it does not follow that as individuals they cannot, like these more progressive nations, erect defenses against a calamity which they are powerless to prevent.

WHAT CAN CONSUMERS DO?

The throttling of the OPA merely enhances a danger of price increases already in evidence and arising from other sources. Consumers as a whole are receiving week by week enough money to buy, at existing prices, many more goods than are being produced. This is what gives the sellers of these goods an opportunity to boost the prices. A similar situation exists in many countries throughout the world, and the inflationary tendency is restrained only where governments control prices and ration scarce articles. Voluntary action by millions of individual purchasers cannot be relied upon to curb market demand. There is not likely to be a sufficiently widespread "buyers' strike" to keep retail prices from rising further.

Nevertheless, individuals who are far-sighted and thrifty can do something to protect themselves. It is as certain as death and taxes that an inflationary price rise will before many months be followed by a deflationary price fall. A person who rations himself by refusing to buy now anything he does not need to keep body and soul together will be able to buy it later at a lower price and probably in better quality.

Parsimony is now advisable not as an unselfish sacrifice for the general welfare but in the narrow self-interest of each consumer. If enough people exercise it, it will turn out to be good for the general public,

but the individual will surely profit from it in any case.

WHAT CAN SAVERS DO?

Whenever anyone refrains from spending cash in the pocket or money in the bank, he has saved it. The more we can save now, the better off we shall be later, both as a nation and as individuals. The money will buy more after inflation has run its course.

What is true of savings out of current income applies with double force to savings laid aside in the past. Anyone who can possibly avoid spending them will get better value after the boom is over. If he should then lose his job or receive a cut in pay, his unspent savings would be many times as valuable to him, even if they could buy no more than at present. The spending of savings when employment was falling would help to stabilize the national economy, whereas the spending of them now would help to knock it off its base.

The canny individual will not attempt to speculate now with his savings. When depression hits, the prices of corporate shares and of real estate are certain to fall. In both markets, prices have already experienced a wide speculative rise. They may go still higher before the crash comes. A few lucky or inside traders may still make killings in the markets. But this is no time for the amateur to try it. If he wants to invest, he can do much better after the boom has collapsed.

In the meantime, savings banks are safe. Probably the best securities which have ever been offered to the individual are United States Savings Bonds, which can be cashed at any time for all they cost or more, and which will be worth 33⅓ percent more ten years after they are bought. This gain is in dollars, and if the dollars are also worth more in ten years than they are now, the gain will be even greater. After the First World War, dollars were worth 50 percent more in 1926 than in 1920, yet 1926 was a year of prosperity. During the depression of the thirties, anyone who had bought government bonds in 1920 and had held them, more than doubled his money, in real value.

WHAT CAN BORROWERS DO?

The newspapers are full of advertisements by banks offering to lend money for the purchase of cars, the improvement of homes, the payment of debts or other personal purposes. Thousands of circular letters are being sent out to individuals whose credit is regarded as good, offering to lend them money without any endorsements of their note by "co-makers." The

charges and interest rates are lower than ever before.

The banks have plenty of money and have evidently decided that it is good business to lend it to individuals at a time when they get low returns on their investments in government securities and when the aggregate income of individuals is high. It is bad business, however, for the national economy to expand consumers' credit at a time when there are not enough goods to satisfy the demands arising from the money which consumers already are spending.

Nor is it good business for individuals to borrow at this time if they can possibly avoid it. Any money lent them is going to be worth less in the next few months than it will be later. A rise in the value of money is likely to occur before they have finished repaying the loan. They may even have lost their jobs by that time. The best thing that borrowers can do in their own interest is not to borrow.

WHAT CAN BUSINESSMEN DO?

Organized business interests have been chiefly instrumental in crippling price control. The National Association of Manufacturers, which has been the foremost opponent of the OPA, is largely under the influence of big business. The motive apparently has been to neutralize the gains in wage rates achieved by unions and to widen profit margins. The virtual certainty that this course would lead to price inflation and would aggravate subsequent depression apparently has little influence on those who control big business, because the giant concerns have ample reserves and have in the past survived depression and even strengthened their position afterwards.

But not all business executives agree with this policy. Even if big business is right in believing that it can afford the risk, smaller concerns cannot. The Committee for Economic Development took a different view. Intelligent businessmen, whether large or small, can individually do something to protect themselves against what is in store.

The manufacturer or retailer who charges all he can get in the present abnormal condition of the market will find in the end that the demand for his product will have fallen rapidly. He is likely to get caught with a surplus of materials and products which he cannot dispose of without taking a loss. It would be far wiser to sell at the lowest possible price and cultivate a demand which is more likely to continue.

Above all, it is prudent not to build up large inventories in the hope of making a speculative profit through rising prices. Business made this mistake in 1919 and 1920, and as a consequence suffered huge inventory losses. If, as at that time, business concerns also borrow freely from the banks to extend their operations, they will later have to repay the loans when sales shrink, prices fall and credit is tight.

The businessman who sticks to his job of producing

and distributing efficiently without taking speculative risks financed by borrowed money, and the businessman who reserves liquid funds instead of rushing to get aboard the inflationary joyride, will benefit the public now and safeguard his solvency when demand and prices decline.

WHAT CAN FARMERS DO?

Farmers have always been the chief beneficiaries of generally rising prices and the chief sufferers from falling ones. Their monetary gains in the recent war have been greater than those of any other producing group, and inflation will boost crop prices still further. But when worldwide famine is relieved and depression brings unemployment in the cities, the demand for farm products will fall as rapidly as it has risen. Agricultural output, however, cannot be quickly reduced as can industrial production. The natural consequence would be a calamitous fall in the prices of agricultural products.

Farmers, through their organizations, have sought to safeguard themselves against such a catastrophe by obtaining governmental guarantees of minimum prices. These laws cannot prevent the collapse of prices in world markets for exported products like cotton, wheat and meat. They do aim to shore up internal prices by governmental loans and storage of unmarketable surpluses.

Farmers who believe that the government will spend huge amounts of money year after year to hold food and fibers off the market, in order to maintain high prices for them while other prices fall, and will do so when unemployment is rampant and taxes become a heavy burden, are hoping for an outcome which could hardly be enforced even by an agricultural dictatorship. In the end there is no way for farmers to escape the consequences of a general depression.

Individual farmers may, however, do something to protect themselves against the recklessness of the great farm organizations which have helped to force inflation upon the country. They can sell what they produce when it is ready for market, instead of holding it for higher prices. Speculative withholding may look profitable for a while. But it results in huge losses from the moment when prices begin to fall, and individual farmers are not in a position to predict when the exact moment will arrive.

Farmers can also prepare for depression by salting away their profits in government savings bonds instead of by buying land, buildings and equipment at inflated prices. The speculative boom in farm land is now running as rapidly toward disaster as it did after the First World War. On that occasion it eventually brought bankruptcy to many thousands of farmers, and foreclosure to those who used mortgage money to finance their purchases. The land boom will crack even if government aid is successful in holding up

crop prices in a depression, since nobody will care to increase output when market demand cannot absorb what is already being produced.

Those of us who follow wise policies now will fare better in the coming depression than those who do not. The larger the number of us who do follow wise policies, the greater will be the chance of moderating the depression. But it is a moral certainty that not enough

of us will or can follow these policies to affect the general outcome very much.

The only hope of avoiding depression in the long run is for the citizens as voters to elect to office those who are pledged to employ government as an instrument for economic stabilization and to vote against those who, like the majority in our present Congress, wish to turn over the public welfare to special private interests.

Costly Harmony at Paris

by Saville Davis

Paris (by cable)

THERE IS no firm evidence as to why Molotov yielded so handsomely in the week of July first. On the record or off, the Russians are saying nothing about their motives. The best any reporter can do is search their words and maneuvers from day to day and talk to those from other nations who were present.

From these sources there would seem to be several primary reasons for letting Byrnes carry off most of the honors: First, by Fabian tactics, Molotov has gained at least ten months for the consolidation of Central Europe. In this matter time was on his side. Second, he is probably planning to be tougher in the case of Germany, after yielding on the first batch of treaties. Third, he is trying to shore up Soviet and Communist prestige beyond the iron curtain in Italy, France and Greece by conceding where he can take it most easily—that is, Yugoslavia, the Dodecanese, the Italian colonies, etc. This foreshadows a shift of Soviet emphasis from the military problem of a security belt to the political problem of cultivating countries immediately beyond and including Germany.

Finally and most important, the whole system of big-power predominance was at stake and Molotov wanted to save it. Russians have found this system vastly useful. They have little stomach for replacing it by isolation on either side, and still less for Byrnes's high moral principle of big conferences and majority vote—because Byrnes would always have the votes. Given the present American national mood, the Russians know that the veto and big-power politics are fundamental to the American national interest as well as to their own. What was wrong was that the Byrnes-Vandenberg combination had very humanly come to resent a Russian veto on the foreign ministers' level more than they cherished their own. Byrnes repeatedly made this plain.

So Molotov weighed the cost of softening this resentment and paid it. He also seems to have realized by now that if he loses Byrnes he loses the United States—and he was losing Byrnes fast. The Russians would still rather cooperate with the powerful capitalist United States than with the less powerful socialist Britain. Molotov yielded, but did Byrnes win? This raises the most fascinating ethical as well as tactical questions. In fighting the Soviet veto, Byrnes applied a very powerful veto of his own. He simply said he would not play ball any more unless the Russians gave way on almost all issues still outstanding. But if this seems a trifle high-handed, he privately offers an explanation. A democracy bargains with its cards on the table, whereas a dictatorship has the enormous advantage of secrecy. That advantage must be counteracted.

The Russians thought this was all prearranged—which was only partly true—and they resented talk about the majority rule as a moral principle, since in practice it was only a method of forcing them into a permanent minority position. But Byrnes felt very sincerely that it was only right for democracy to fall back on its own fundamental ethic when it considered itself being pressed too hard by the rough tactics of dictatorship. It was all too easy in the heat of the moment to forget that our principles were also smart politics.

Unscramble the ethics of all this if you can. It probably comes down to your views on big-power collaboration and unanimity rule. It's not easy to find a practical alternative at this stage, and if the Russians considered it worth saving more on Byrnes's terms than on their own, who are we democrats to object?

Yes, Byrnes won. But it's probably fair to say that everything now depends on what we do with our victory. If it is merely to carry the showdown with Russia to greater lengths in our present kind of anti-Communist rigor, we won't be left to enjoy it for long. If we insist that collaboration on Russia's part shall not mean abuse of the veto, Russia will insist that collaboration on our part shall not cover the policy of encouraging reaction all over Europe and the Far East.

Saville Davis is a staff correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor specializing in foreign affairs.

Two more points: As to strategy, the history of the conference is simple. Bevin fathered the idea of internationalization before the first Paris conference ended, and it was agreed upon among the Western Allies before the present meetings as the most likely solution for Trieste. It remained only for them to cling uneasily to the French line until the breaking point, and then let Bidault as mediator pull it out of the hat. The Russians probably knew it was there all the time; several of the correspondents did.

Finally, we've taken a lot over here from some people back home who were excessively Bikini-minded. They have sneered at the foreign ministers for tinker-

ing at their ancient games, presumably ignoring the fact that a military weapon has changed the world. From here, their ridicule seems obscene. Cannot they realize that it is political adjustment between the systems of the East and West which will determine whether the bomb is used? We may have been moving too slowly over here, but let's not carry criticism too far. The presence of the bomb is not going to make Italians and Yugoslavs live together. Only constructive and painstaking, even tedious, diplomacy can do that. But if Italians and Yugoslavs are not helped to live together, then these casual sophisticates will carry their atom-mindedness with them to blazes.

The Coming Revolution in Spain

by Ralph Bates

THE RECENT sessions of the UN Security Council that have been concerned with Spain have made at least one thing clear. In the present period of international tension resulting from the clash of ideologies, London and Washington will continue to give what amounts to real and effective support to Franco so long as the only visible alternative to his regime is the Spanish Republic. However, the final compromise resolution put forward by Mr. Evatt and its veto by the USSR also suggested that both groups of powers were aware that Franco cannot endure and that some other regime must eventually be recognized. The Soviet, it seemed to me, in vetoing all compromise was trying to rule out the restoration of the monarchy.

The trouble hitherto with all proposed alternatives to the Republic was their impracticability. If the latest reports can be believed, that dilemma has been overcome, or rather ignored, by Mr. Bevin and the result is likely to be a major crisis for European democracy.

According to good Republican sources in Paris, the British Foreign Minister has taken the initiative in bringing together the monarchist wing of the Spanish military leadership and certain exiled groups. Names are named. The organizing general is Aranda; the principal Republican leaders are Indalecio Prieto and Trifon Gomez. These two men, with their tentative associates, control a substantial section of the Cortes, though not a majority. Within Spain they have little organized support. Their following among the exiles is not massive.

That Señor Giral, the present Prime Minister, has

knowledge of the plan can hardly be doubted. Only a few weeks ago he confidently informed the Standing Committee of the Cortes that a new government, not his own, would take power in Spain and would be recognized by Britain and the United States. He has kept representatives of Señor Prieto in the cabinet, though the former Minister of National Defense has explicitly declared that his loyalty did not preclude support of any other alternative to Franco.

It is a shock, however, to learn that Señor Giral is considering Prieto's proposal that he resign his post and form part of what is likely to be a mere civilian decoration of the proposed military coup.

The immediate plans are for the speedy establishment of a provisional government that shall at once take the plebiscite vote long since proposed by Señor Prieto. The Spanish people will be asked, quite simply, "Are you in favor of a restoration of the monarchy?" If the answer is "Yes," then Don Juan, the Vatican candidate, is to be invited to return to Spain.

What will happen if the coup succeeds? Will the provisional regime permit so genuine an electoral campaign that the real desires of the Spanish people will be disclosed? If it is true that determined supporters of the present exiled Republican government are not to be allowed to return to Spain, that would seem to provide an answer. Moreover, it is not to be supposed that a few civilians, without organized party support within Spain, will be given a share in the exercise of power. That the monarchist military leaders have little love for the Falange is well known. They may dissolve it, and that will be a gain. Yet there is a vast repressive apparatus apart from the Falange, and this will almost certainly be used by the generals, who know that they themselves are unacceptable to a majority of Spaniards. The clerical forces will doubtless take a similar view. Again, unless the trade unions and the political par-

Ralph Bates, distinguished British novelist now living in the United States, has an intimate knowledge of Spain from many years' residence. He fought with the Loyalists in the Spanish civil war.

ties are reestablished, it is difficult to believe that an effective republican campaign can be waged.

Yet, even if we suppose that force and a desperate desire to be rid of Franco at all costs produce a plebiscite majority for the monarchy, the change of regime is bound to set in motion forces that are at present paralyzed by the impossibility of insurrection.

But the resulting dynamism will be far more violent and uneconomical than it need have been. There were always three possibilities, none of them exempt from danger and violence. The first was an eventual revolt against Franco, morally justified but terrible in cost. The second was a change of regime resulting from sustained and determined UN pressure on the army and its allied classes, a section of which may have resisted a grouping of forces that would have been much broader. This would have been the least costly. The third was a maneuver of the kind proposed by the Bevin-Prieto consortium.

If the Prieto plan goes through, the resulting ferment in Spain will probably entail grave consequences that might have been avoided. I have never believed that the Third Republic, which sooner or later will be established, would be able to avoid all confusion and violence. Spanish society, which has never experienced a bourgeois revolution, is so unstable; the reactionary

classes are so intransigent; the church is so powerful and opposed to compromise; the ideological confusion and divisive embitterments on the Left are so extreme, that only the utmost wisdom could have avoided the pitfalls of 1931-36. But to effect a change of regime in the manner that apparently has the support of London and Washington is surely to increase all the tensions and so to multiply the perils.

The natural reaction of most American liberals to the carrying out of the Prieto plan will be one of total intransigence. Some may be dismayed. Neither response would be realistic. The danger of total intransigence is that it may stunt our sympathy and hinder our imaginative grasp.

Dismay would be just as unrealistic. The eventual cost to Spain of the coup might well be far greater than a wiser course would have exacted, yet if a limited monarchy eventually emerges, it will be an advance for Spain. That difficult admission is also realistic, I believe, for new forces and alignments will emerge as the result of even a small degree of liberalization. One last warning is valid: it may be that the liberal nerves will be strained by events, and against that weakness we must also be prepared. The Spanish people have deserved the utmost sympathy. The responsibility will not be theirs. That lies elsewhere.

Braden Holds the Fort

by Blair Bolles

COLONEL JUAN PERON, the new President of Argentina, is relying on the United States Army to save him from Spruille Braden, the Assistant Secretary of State in charge of Latin American affairs. What Perón likes about our army is its short memory and its forgiving qualities. Braden remembers that Perón's Argentina helped the Nazis fight us until the very last hours of World War II. But American Army men whom Perón knows forget that the Nazis were killing Americans and oppressing half the world a short while ago. Braden insists that Perón get rid of the Nazis, from whom he still seeks advice; the Army has been advising Perón to keep his stormtrooper counsellors. Perón eggs on the army to force Braden from his post in the State Department; Braden is fighting to keep it.

The war against Braden which reverberates throughout the whole South American continent is the principal

campaign in the effort of a clique in the United States Army to take over foreign policy from the State Department. By pushing this tendency, the Army repudiates the ancient American concept of the soldier as the servant of the civilian body. The Declaration of Independence devoted paragraphs to the intense desire of the American colonies to free themselves from military caprice; but this Declaration was written long ago.

The United States Air Forces nurture the Army's political ambition. The main figures in the military effort to seize control of our hemispheric policy are flying officers, generals and colonels. In Buenos Aires there are two American colonels, both there under official auspices. One of them has worked hard to persuade Perón that laymen are losing out in the effort to control United States foreign policy. The Army, this American officer says, does the fighting and dying when war comes. Therefore, it intends to have a good deal to say about foreign policy between wars. This is a new philosophy in the United States, but it sounds sweet in Perón's ears.

The policy thus exploited by American officers in Buenos Aires is supported by three important generals in Washington, who have managed to block

Blair Bolles, director of the Washington Bureau of the Foreign Policy Association, was born in St. Louis, educated at Yale and was for some years on the staff of the Washington Star specializing in foreign affairs. He is co-author, with Duncan Aikman, of America's Chance at Peace.

Braden's efforts to have the most outspoken men assigned to some post other than Buenos Aires. They have not won active backing for their political ambitions from the ground forces, but there is no real opposition to them in the War Department, and if the program to unify the armed forces were complete, they would have Navy as well as Army support. In Washington it is believed that if General Eisenhower understood the full implications of what is going on, he would put his foot down; but he does not know.

The campaign of the colonels and generals to get rid of Braden would fizzle if they did not have informal allies in other walks of life. Many businessmen and bankers in the United States, and their agents in Buenos Aires, are working for the overthrow of Braden because they think that if Perón were buttered up, they would make more money from commerce with and within Argentina. What they do not realize is that Perón is embarked on a program of domestic nationalization from which he cannot be distracted by appeasement. Braden won't butter.

At least one United States ambassador in South America (*not* in Argentina) is working to have Braden ousted and to get his job when he is gone. When this man visited Washington recently, he spread vicious criticism of Braden throughout the State Department. The American military men also have strong allies in the Senate, especially among those who warmly favored the Chapultepec agreement and resent anything which upsets the fiction of Chapultepec—the solidarity of the Americas.

AT STAKE in the dispute over Braden and Argentina is the question whether the United States will arm Perón while he keeps the Nazi advisers. In general, United States relations with Argentina are normal. We exchange ambassadors with Buenos Aires and have unrestrained trade with Argentina. We have unfrozen the funds of Argentina that the Treasury blocked during the war. We have regularized travel with Argentina. But we are not giving guns and planes to Argentina. The Army thinks Perón should have the weapons. Braden apparently thinks that Perón should get along without weapons from the United States as long as he harbors our enemies.

The controversy over weapons reduces the stake in the Braden fight to the question whether the United States shall admit Perón to participation in the permanent military-security pact for the hemisphere that the State Department has drawn up as the successor to the Act of Chapultepec. The United States has caused the indefinite postponement of the conference at which the American republics intended to take up the permanent pact. We did not want Argentina present so long as the Hitlerian stooges who were described at length in the State Department Argentine Blue Book last February continue to thrive in Buenos Aires.

The most important of these figures is Ludwig Freude, Perón's chief companion. The hardest test of Braden's ability to carry through his policy will come soon when Ambassador George Messersmith, in Buenos Aires, calls upon Perón not only to banish Freude from his personal entourage but to confiscate Freude's property in fulfillment of previous promises made by Perón. The issue which Braden is said to consider paramount in his conduct of relations with Argentina is Perón's willingness to confiscate the property of the Nazis in Buenos Aires and to deport them. Perón has deported a number of Germans, but some of them, on arrival in Germany, were found to be innocent Argentinian Germans, shanghaied so that Perón could assure Washington that he was getting rid of our enemies in large numbers and at the same time protect his Nazi friends.

THE ARMY has scored one triumph over Braden, and Braden has set the Army down with one loss. The triumph is a bill introduced in Congress in May at the direct request of President Truman which would enable the United States to send weapons at our will to the Latin American countries. This "popgun bill" had been worked out by the Army before Braden became Assistant Secretary last summer. He fought it off. The Army took it to President Truman, who read a memorandum from the State Department opposing it. The President was impressed by the Army's arguments and, in a message, asked Congress to enact the bill. Its effect will be to encourage warfare between states in South America and to arm the generals so that they can repress the forward-looking social forces among our southern neighbors.

The Army lost to Braden when General Carlos von der Becke, former Argentine chief of staff, visited Washington a few weeks ago. Von der Becke, urged on by American Army officers in Buenos Aires, applied for a visa in March to travel from Buenos Aires to Washington. The State Department discouraged it. The Army urged him to try again. He got the visa, and when he reached Washington, he told Eisenhower that Argentina needed weapons.

To his astonishment, Eisenhower, who had consulted with the State Department in advance of von der Becke's visit, told him that such matters were for the State Department and the Argentine Foreign Office to discuss. Eisenhower listened frigidly while von der Becke urged that bygones be bygones. The mission failed, and the Administration publicly announced its failure through Dean Acheson, Acting Secretary of State. The State Department reported Acheson told von der Becke on June 18 that the United States continues to insist upon Perón's suppressing Nazi influences in Argentina.

Those who advocate that we appease Perón in the name of solidarity overlook the fact that such a move would rip the Western Hemisphere asunder instead of

bringing it together. The von der Becke visit to Washington profoundly disturbed Brazil, whose strategic importance to the United States far exceeds that of Argentina. If we made arms available to Argentina when her government is guided by Nazi forces, Brazil could only regard the action as a threat to her integrity, for Argentina is jealous of Brazil and is imbued with a feeling of expansionism. Even if arms were made available to Brazil on an equal basis with Argentina, Perón would have the advantage, for he has more foreign exchange in the United States than Brazil and could outbuy all his neighbors. More basically, it is incredible that men think they can preserve peace by distributing weapons among 20 republics.

Perhaps we could tolerate the Air Forces' hemispheric policy if it would lead somewhere. But the flying colonels and generals suffer from a delusion. They think that in return for arms and love today, Perón will readily grant us bases in a future war. But how reliable is Perón? He is a wise cynic exploiting the naïve enthusiasm of the Air Forces' amateur statesmen.

Argentina, at the Rio de Janeiro conference in January, 1942, pledged herself to break with the Axis, and she waited two years before acting. Argentina, at the Chapultepec Conference, promised to get rid of Nazi influence. She has not only retained this influence, but Perón, on June 26, 1946, 15 months after Chapultepec, asked the Argentine Congress to approve the Act of Chapultepec, although his representative had assured Senator Austin in March, 1945, that the Argentine President would act upon the decisions of Chapultepec without waiting for congressional approval. The United States Army thinks that Perón, because he is a fascist who fights communists at home, would join with us gloriously if we went to war against Russia. But Perón already has arranged for commercial exchange with Russia, and he gives few signs that he would ever fight the Kremlin. Success for the colonels and generals in their foreign policy would lead not only to the ousting of Braden, but to the injury of the United States, because that foreign policy is unsound and won't work.

Eye-Witness at Bikini

by Alan Harrington

By radio from Bikini

ON JULY 1, from our position in Sector Marmoon, we saw the atom bomb flare and burst against an empty horizon. We watched the creamy cloud spread fanwise through the natural cumulus layer. Then we heard the exultant announcement from the Navy public-relations officer that all capital ships were still floating in Bikini Lagoon. Bitterly disappointed and angry at the bomb for putting on a poor show, correspondents cabled back a rush of debunking copy. I had banked on the A-bomb as the absolute weapon which, if it had to be dropped, would once and for all sink the Navy myth and do so in such a spectacular fashion that future wars might at least temporarily be unthinkable. It looked as though by some fluke the Navy had won.

But the next day the picture was different. Inspecting the target array, we found out that the air-burst bomb's weakest punch had in fact knocked most of the fleet out of action. While not sunk, most of the ships within 800 yards of the bull's-eye had been blasted, "seared" and their superstructures torn apart. Shorn of topside radio and radar equipment, they were blind

and deaf, incapable, for instance, of night fighting. As our LCT weaved in and out among the ships, we encountered more convincing damage and the reporters became more and more cheerful. The number of live pigs and goats, even on the *Nevada*, startled us, but on learning that the animals would be dead within a few days, everybody felt better. The story was still hot; the bomb was still the biggest thing of all time.

It is night now and we are floating gently at anchor only a couple of miles from where the bomb exploded, while all around, ringing us in a circle of blinking lights, are the other ships of Admiral Blandy's task force. Remnants of the target fleet, some still radioactive, lie across the lagoon, and nobody is paying any attention to them. Instead, most of the correspondents and the ship's company have gone to the movies on the *Appalachian's* quarterdeck. This is a remarkable thing. Maybe it is part of the American Way. Here we take over one of the loveliest little atolls in the Pacific, devote our enormous energy to assembling 73 target ships in Bikini Lagoon, and 150-odd task-force vessels, hundreds of planes, cameras, recording instruments, animals and botanical specimens, thousands of Army ordnance items plus God knows what else, give the project the beautiful name of "Operation Crossroads," and finally hurl the atom bomb and make all kinds of history. Then, on a gorgeous starlit evening, with the historic cataclysm still breathing around us,

Alan Harrington, co-author with Alexander Eliot of "We Take You Now to Bikini" (June 24), covered the atom-bomb test for Transradio Press Service and the New Republic.

everybody takes off to a movie called "Pardon My Past."

Strange though it is to see the tiny, flickering movie screens and hear sound tracks echoing faintly across a lagoon supposedly loaded with catastrophe, it is an entirely logical climax for the "Crossroads" cast. The truth is that both the active and the passive participants in the project have been so bewildered by the black magic woven around "Crossroads" by the military authorities that they have seemingly sought refuge in a business-as-usual treatment of atomic experiments.

When our ships entered Bikini Lagoon for the first time, with the target formation wheeling in front of us, one news-starved wayfarer in a deck chair beside me never lifted his eyes from the *Reader's Digest* in his lap. He was in a small minority, of course. Most of us swarmed railward, and it was exciting to see the ships. We slipped by the *Prince Eugen*, where sailors were playing shuffleboard on deck. On a nearby target

destroyer a man was working out methodically on a punching bag. On the bull's-eye, the *Nevada*, a yeoman was pounding his typewriter. Through binoculars I could see men in swimming trunks playing volley-ball on the Bikini shore; and somebody teasingly roughing up a Navy nurse at the Bikini officers' club. The band was playing amid such blasphemous normality it seemed impossible that an atomic catastrophe would be loosed here. Nobody acted as though anything out of the ordinary were going to happen. Correspondents began yelling for beer. This was a hell of a way to greet a new era. You felt that the blast should be attended by some new kind of religious rite.

Well, I guess I was wrong. We have had our blast. The experiment was a success. Admiral Blandy says the new era is here; yet everybody carries on as though the bloody atom had never exploded. Rita Hayworth tomorrow, I understand, and as soon as radio-activity disappears, the Bikini beer garden will reopen.

Monopoly-Busting: Chicago Style

by Ralph G. Martin

THIS IS for me," said the young cab-driver, smiling and stretching in front of Chicago's Wrigley Building. "Nobody telling me what to do. If I want to knock off for a couple hours, I knock off. No time clocks, no bosses, and the dough's good. So you can put down in your magazine that Tony De Salvo, formerly of the United States Army, is now a very happy guy."

A few blocks away, just off Michigan Boulevard, neon-blazing on the dark, deserted street, was a cafeteria called Pixley's. Most of the dozen cabs parked in front were Checker and Yellow; only a few were marked "Chicago Veterans Cabs." Inside the half-empty cafeteria, the cab-drivers were mixed and scattered: a few older ones, sitting by themselves, brooding over their coffee; a beardless blond with a discharge button, rubbing his eyes, then sleepily sipping his chocolate soda; and in the back of the room, a small group loudly discussing the ways of the world.

From the atom bomb to Truman to sex:

"I picked up a salesman at Union Station today, and honest, I hated to see him get out. He just came from Florida and was busting with stories about the women down there. . . ."

Before another coffee, the talk turned to the cab business. Of course it was wonderful now in cab-hungry Chicago, but how long would it last? Eighteen months? Two years? Then what? Back to working for peanuts again—\$25 a week instead of \$125.

"Comes the bust, a lot of you young guys are gonna want to get out of this racket," warned one of the older men.

"Sure I'm gonna get out," said a red-headed vet. "I don't go for this business of driving a car all night long. Now I'm not bitching, because the dough's swell. But I'm a married man. My wife likes me to come home at night."

The place was loud with laughter.

They talked and talked, other drivers drawing up chairs, some looking at their watches and pulling out. The discussion seemed to center around the veterans now. One of them said that as soon as cab fares slowed up, he was going to take advantage of the GI bill and learn all about television. Another told how this cab-driving was paying for his new home.

The group around the table kept breaking up and re-forming with different faces and voices. But the veterans were still in the spotlight. Especially the one who spilled out some of the plans of the Chicago Veterans' Cab Association: a big new garage to service the cabs, more parking stands all over the city, even two-way radio contact with the office in every cab.

There was just the slightest trace of bitterness in a cabby's voice when he said, "I'll tell you this much. The cops would still be arresting you guys and you'd never get to first base in this town if you weren't veterans."

At the soda fountain, an eager-looking veteran told

the full story of how the Veterans' Cab Association grew from six guys operating out of their buddy's gas station to 600 angry men who drove to Washington to put their case before the American people.

THEIR CASE was simple. They didn't want to drive for the Yellow-Checker outfits. They wanted their own organization. But the Yellow-Checker people had sewed up the city in an agreement giving them a virtual monopoly of the 3,000 available licenses—just as they had done in 57 other cities.

So when the vets came out in their own cabs with the ruptured ducks painted on the doors, the city turned thumbs down on license applications and the cops pulled them in.

But the word spread and soon the vets had their own pressure group: not money, but people.

"... I think it's a darn shame the way you boys have been getting the runaround since you got back. If my husband were alive, he'd be right with you. He was killed in Tunisia."

Politicians got worried. Six hundred veterans and their families and their friends and their sympathizers became translated into votes. And this was an election year.

When the newspapers picked it up, the people's talk grew even louder:

"Is this the way Chicago treats its veterans? Slap them on the back and kick them in the pants at the same time?"

"Well, wait a while," was the politicians' answer. "We'll figure something out."

But the 600 vets didn't want to wait.

A cab caravan to Washington, packed with veterans and families moving east along Route 30. . . .

Warsaw, Fort Wayne, Delphos. . . . You folks don't have to worry about places to sleep. . . . We heard you were coming and everything's all fixed up.

Upper Sandusky, Bucyrus, Massillon. . . . The candy's for the kids and women, the cigarettes for the men . . . hope there's enough to go around. . . . Money? . . . are you trying to insult us? . . .

East Liverpool, Pittsburgh. . . . Just to make sure you boys don't have any traffic trouble, we've been delegated to convoy you right through. . . . No thanks needed; we're veterans ourselves. . . .

Greensburg, McConnellsburg, Gettysburg. . . . Honest to God, fellas, so you ate a little food in my restaurant. . . . It's not gonna break me. Let's not argue about it, the treat's on me. . . .

In Washington, the Army had prepared part of Camp Simms for them to move into; the Red Cross put up enough money to start a camp kitchen; and a nearby gas station poured 250 gallons of gas into their tanks, saying, "Forget it. It's free. And there's more where that came from. . . ."

There were lots of stories about them in the news-

papers, stories and pictures and sympathy. At the Department of Justice, officials made careful notes about their monopoly charges against Yellow-Checker, and promised action. After that, important government big shots saw the cab-drivers' delegation, listened carefully, made some telephone calls.

About a week later, word came through. If they went back to Chicago, the cops wouldn't arrest them any more. Not only that; once back, the cab-drivers suddenly discovered that their best friends were the politicians and aldermen, who were now screaming bloody murder about the rights of veterans. The politicians had felt the public pulse and changed direction. It wasn't long before the vets had 275 licenses and promises of 375 more.

Of course, there was a joker attached. The licenses were only temporary and could be recalled without warning or reason at any time. So maybe some day, when public pressure eased off . . .

Meanwhile the 375 licenses were still only a promise. Many vets found themselves with their cabs all painted, ready to go, and no license. "What was I gonna do?" complained one of the bandit cab-drivers. "Wait all year until the aldermen decided to give me a license? I got two kids. . . ."

Back at the group table, a fat driver argued in a twangy voice with one of the vets, "Now don't get me wrong. You guys have just as much right to make a living as me. All I'm bitching about is that the public don't know that a lot of us guys driving Checker and Yellow cabs are also vets, just like you."

It was past three o'clock in the morning, but the group table was still full.

OUT IN THE quiet street, you walked several long, dead blocks before you found a cab waiting patiently on State Street. Inside, 39-year-old Jack Krezar talked philosophically about the cab business.

"I bought this cab from a woman out in Riverside. It belonged to her husband, who never got to be a veteran. He was killed in the Pacific.

"And do you know why I bought this cab? Because when I came home with my discharge, I spent almost an hour trying to get a cab to stop for me. I was so damn mad at cab-drivers . . ."

He smiled. "There was another small reason. The jewelry-selling business isn't what it used to be."

Still, he didn't like the cab business because there was too much rush-rush. He was 39 and he wanted a more settled and permanent job.

But there was something about this whole veterans' cab fight in Chicago that excited him—the idea that 600 veterans with no money could crack into a million-dollar cab monopoly.

"Because here's the thing," said Jack. "If we vets can do it here in Chicago, there's no reason why vets can't do it somewhere else, is there?"

Stalingrad Today

Stalingrad, June, 1946

STALINGRAD is still the most ruined city in the Soviet Union. Its streets have been cleared of debris, but mounds of rubble lie piled up high along the sidewalk. Often there is no sidewalk—just heaps of broken brick, pulverized concrete, twisted iron. Sometimes there is no street, either—only a vast expanse of rubble relieved by an occasional wall, or part of a wall. Yet at the office of the Gorcom, the mayor told me that 320,000 people are living in Stalingrad today.

Take the Kuznetzovs at No. 1 Ulitza Lenina. There is no No. 2 or No. 3 or any other number Ulitza Lenina. In fact, there is no Ulitza Lenina—just a mass of rubble, junk and dust. No. 1 Ulitza Lenina is supposed to be a house, but it has neither roof nor walls and it is neither cellar nor basement. It's an improvised cave underneath the solid foundation of a bombed-away house. Human ingenuity dug an entrance into the cave, improvised an oven and cut a window through a clearing in the debris. The only sign of habitation is a dark, metal chimney rising from the mess, bearing a little board inscribed: No. 1 Ulitza Lenina. Tied to the chimney are two much taller poles, each holding a little birdhouse at the top. The Kuznetzovs, who live like moles in the earth, show great concern for the birds flying in the air—for the birds also were bombed out in Stalingrad: their trees are gone.

Why do the Kuznetzovs live here when they could find fairly decent living quarters in another city? Mama Kuznetzov was at a loss for an answer. I might as well have asked her why she breathes. Why, they had lived there all their lives, they fought the good fight there, they saw the city go down in ruins. Naturally, they are here to see it go up again. They are simple folk, doing simple chores. Papa Kuznetzov is janitor at the local theatre; daughter Maria is a cleaner at the nearest school house.

"Such jobs can be had anywhere," I remarked.

"Yes," Mama Kuznetzov replied with a blank face.

The Kuznetzovs have roomers, a young couple. Nikolai Vasilievich is a native, but his wife, Svetlana, comes from a village near Rostov. They met at the front. His in-laws keep on asking them to come and live with them: they have a house for them—with an orchard. But they are here and will stay here. This is the time when every Stalingradite is needed at home. Both work at the tractor plant. They had just run off the ten-thousandth tractor, Nikolai said with pride.

Visiting the Vasilieviches was a golden-haired boy of indefinite age called Sasha. He comes from Siberia, near the village to which Lenin was exiled. Sasha was a tankman in the war. Now he drives a truck for the Stalingrad Construction Trust. Why is he here? Well, he fought here, fought for every damned inch of the city. He can't leave until it's all built up; it's got to be built up better than before.

No. 1 Ulitza Lenina is not the worst habitation in Stalingrad. In some parts of the city I saw *zemliankas*, simple foxholes with board roofs, still in use. These and tents were what the people lived in when they first returned. Today most of them live in renovated, or partly renovated,

low frame houses or in hastily erected shacks. The lucky ones have managed to get themselves a *Finska*, a pre-fabricated wooden bungalow for all-year use, now mass-produced in Finland and exported to Russia and Poland. They are board and plaster affairs which our lumber yards could turn out by the millions. Only rarely do you see a big brick or stone house being renovated or put up, and the center of the city has been rebuilt least of all. Even the corner building at the square in whose cellar Fieldmarshal Von Paulus was taken prisoner is still a boarded-up ruin. Why? Well, as I learned from the chief architect, Vassili Simbirtzev, designer of the famous Red Army Theatre in Moscow, the plan for the center of the city is not ready.

The All Russian Academy of Architecture is in charge of plans for war-ruined cities, and has a commission for Stalingrad. That commission has a general outline of what the future city is to be like. It calls for clearing the water front of industrial plants and freight docks and moving the residential section to the shore. Wide avenues leading to the Volga will, like ventilators, carry the river breeze to all parts of the city. The skyline will follow the topography of the shore, beginning with two-story houses, rising to six, declining again to four and two. It will not be a skyscraper city or an unlimited city—the population is to be kept down to half a million. To commemorate the heroism of Stalingrad there will be, not ornamental monuments, but utilitarian buildings: the center of the city itself, in its design and structure, is to express the spirit of Stalingrad—and that's why it has not been passed by the Academy yet.

Surprising as it may seem, food was never a serious problem with the Stalingradites. There was always some contact with the surrounding country through which provisions trickled in. On the fifth day after the last shot was fired, while the streets were still full of dead Germans, two bakeries opened. Ten days later the first train arrived. Within three weeks the population reached 12,000—ten times the number present to greet the victory—and it was winter. By that time the collective farms in the neighborhood were sending in food supplies—eight tons of bread and twenty tons of potatoes arrived in one day.

During the war years, the main concern of the Stalingradites was not how to keep themselves going but how most to contribute to the winning of the war. It was to the tractor works producing tanks that their first attention was given. On the twentieth day after liberation, the first renovated tank left the plant for the front. It bore the inscription: Tank 34C—Answer of Stalingrad. Today, again, the people are less concerned with their own comforts than with the economic recovery of their city.

I traveled nine hours to cover 180 kilometers over the bumpiest road this side of hell to reach Silver Springs, a home for Stalingrad orphans. No passenger car would have made it, so they gave me a bus and Sasha, the tankman, for driver. This is the first orphanage for those children of Stalingrad whose parents fell in its defense. There are ten such homes now, caring for 2,500 children—half of the city's orphans. Silver Springs is sponsored by an American organization called Ambijan, the only foreign organization taking an interest in Stalingrad orphans. The annual budget for this home's 250 children is half a million

rubles. Last year it received from Ambijan supplies to the value of \$100,000, which even at the official exchange equals the total budget. I hope the Ambijan donors won't mind—Silver Springs shares all it receives from America with the other nine homes. They confessed it to me as if it were a crime.

Every orphan at Silver Springs has a story that would make a book. The children were literally picked up amid flaming, crashing walls and from underneath smoldering ruins. Men and women came out of burning buildings, their clothes smoking, carrying children in their arms. They collected the children in the basement of a ruin—and opened school. They had no desks or benches, no chalk or paper. Seated on rocks brought in from outside, they listened to their teacher's first lesson—the lesson of Stalingrad.

I came upon little, blonde, blue-eyed Maroussia in the underbrush by the lake. She was gathering wild flowers for the Dyada from America, who was myself. We walked along the water and became quite chummy; she was grown up, you see—almost nine years old. She put forward her tiny foot and said:

"This is slipper, Dyada, you sent us from America, and these socks, too, and the dress. It's a nice dress, isn't it?"

"Indeed it is," I gave her a hug. "It's a beautiful dress, and you, Marousska, are beautiful, too."

"All the children wear things from America," she continued. "It's so nice to receive them. You will continue to send them to us, won't you, Dyada? You won't forget us, Dyada, will you?"

"No, darling," I replied. "I shall not forget you; nobody will forget you. Nobody will ever forget Stalingrad."

BENJAMIN WAIFE

This is the second in a new series of letters from abroad which will appear regularly in the New Republic.—THE EDITORS

"Open City"

THERE IS a spirit of such depression, leadenness, consuming exhaustion and poverty in every note of the Italian film, "Open City" (which must have been at least partly shot under Nazi as well as Roman noses and was designed to pay homage to the Italian spirit that drove the Nazis out of Rome), that you wonder whether its extreme morbidity was intended. "Open City," made by professionals and amateurs, was meant to show the misery civilians suffered under the Nazis, and the Italian resisters as contrasted to the collaborators (who here comprise a particularly "Way Down East" type of villain, a dope addict, a 15-year-old prostitute, plus a lot of people on the fringes of scenes who look wonderfully shady and as if they would murder you for carfare). One of the central details of the plot shows the self-effacing heroism of a Catholic priest in the Underground, a detail that tends to be a bit labored in the excessiveness of its relationship to the rest of the picture. "Open City" is the grayest of all war movies.

All of the actors look as if they had fought every round of the actual occupation of Rome. No matter what roles

they play—plushy, high-living Nazis, appeasers living the life of Riley, tormented workers—they present one face that drives down your spirit, a mixture of years-long strain, bread-crumbs existence, tension and rebellion at their lot. Even the hero, the wheelhorse of the Underground, who looks as if he had grown up at Art theatres showing Gabin movies and is meant to be unbending, incorruptible, indomitable, a holy terror, is so strained, shrunken and starved he reminds you of a wet string. The whole movie has a worn-out look (especially the plot), seems scratched, pock-marked, covered with the dust and grime of war. This is emphasized in physical details—the staircase of the workers' flat that looks as if a good part of the war had taken place on it, the bed clothes, the baby's pot, the fur coat one of the prostitutes gets for informing, all of the varieties of underwear.

"Open City" clings humorlessly and obsessively to a type of life that is seamy enough in peacetime—prostitution, drug addiction, life in two small rooms overflowing with kids, long climbs up badly lighted staircases that look dank, street cars that seem to have limitless capacity, with more people hanging outside than are buried inside. To swell the box-office take the plot sticks like glue to sexy material (but in a way that should teach Hollywood craftsmen plenty, especially about one of their dearest standbys—a woman undressing). In addition to the general seaminess, its other main concern is with the staples of life—like getting in bed, getting out of bed.

About half of this film's burdensome, graveyard quality, though, is due to the fact that there isn't a speck of newness in its plot—no one opens his mouth or takes a step without reminding you of dozens of other movies. There are only flashes when you feel you're out of the melodrama and old movie maneuvers—some of the street scenes, a realistically paced meeting of the hero and heroine on the stairway, some perfect shots of a family getting to bed—and these moments have the effect of a draft in the theatre.

"Open City" shocks you because of its excessively realistic look. Of all the super-naturalistic movies that have been made, this has an appearance of actuality that you used to get in old-time newsreels; if you ran it on the program at your local Trans-Lux, it would make most of the modern news coverage shown there look as stagy, glossy and unreal as the average C-budget musical. But the most graphic scenes in "Open City"—the ambushing of some Nazi trucks, a terrifying shot of a woman being machine-gunned as she runs toward a Gestapo car—develop with the burst and intensity of an oil-dump fire.

MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

Further, racing, as an industry, should maintain principles that are upheld in other spheres of life. A point worthy of mention was the procedure of removing an unfortunate horse that had been killed. The general practice is simply to rope the horse to the back of a vehicle and drag it off the track in the full view of thousands of horse-lovers. On the metropolitan courses in Australia, a special vehicle was employed for the pur-

pose; blinds were drawn; and as the vehicle moved off, the band played the "Dead March." This system, he said, might well be adopted in this country. — *From a story on racing control in the Wellington (New Zealand) Evening Post.*

Form F-735 [of the British Army], a new certificate for condemnation of food, orders that the medical officer must mark whether food is: (a) "Unfit for human consumption." (b) "Unfit for consumption by troops." — *UP dispatch from London.*

Noblesse Oblige

At Seattle, Pete and Mort plan to ship aboard a freighter and work their way to Alaska, where they want to spend their vacation. They're going as far as Seattle in style. When Pete is driving the town car he will wear a chauffeur's cap and coat, while Mort lounges luxuriously in the tonneau. When Mort is piloting, Pete will play the pompous part. It's not all in fun, says Pete, son of the Stuyvesant Wainwrights. They want to help relieve the shipping labor situation. Pete isn't kidding. He volunteered as a strike-breaker last fall when local shipping was tied up. — *From Charles Ventura's column in the New York World-Telegram.*

The American Scene

"Planned parenthood" for dogs was advocated today by ladies of the Humane Education League, distressed by unwanted puppies roaming the streets. The league demanded a municipal morals code for canines. It gave petitions carrying 11,000 signatures to the city's public health and welfare committee. — *UP dispatch from Los Angeles.*

Basic Issues

Hear
NORMAN
Coast Guard Son of
George J. Thomas
Republican for Governor
on
Heaven—Home—and Mother
KFAB—Tonight
9:55 P.M.

— *Political advertisement in the Lincoln (Nebraska) Star.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of the New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. — THE EDITORS

Correspondence

That War We Fought

SIR: What kind of war did we fight? Whose political strategies conditioned what military tactics, which now condition our "peacemaking"? How came the triumphant victory, which made the present triumphant mess?

Are not these the real questions fobbed off by my SHAEF colleague, Bill Hale, in his review [the *New Republic*, May 6] dismissing Ingersoll's book, *Top Secret*, as something out of the *Chicago Tribune's* inkpot?

Hale was the ablest of our young civilians at SHAEF, which earned him prompt undermining by his British "opposite numbers" using the general tactics which Ingersoll accurately describes. In London and France, 1918-19, I observed gentlemanly colleagues, upset by the same tactics, leaning over backwards "to be fair to our allies." Some leanings are as old as Pisa's tower, and less useful. As against Hale's laxative, I urge *New Republic* readers to chew and digest Ingersoll, to read Ike's Boswell, Harry Butcher, and the Britisher Alan Moorehead, read Patton's diary if and when published, and any Russians when and if: in short, resolutely to take over the brute facts of how we got where we are.

Top Secret is top-lofty and bellicose but it is so solidly packed with well observed, and too little known, fact as to constitute a better contribution to inter-Allied understanding than lies in mere "forgive-and-forget" well wishing. It adds to general understanding of the influence of an imperialist strategy in "our" war, which has left a legacy we may wish to decline. The author makes it plain that "the British" he refers to were the Churchillians at top level; then he reveals the arcana of the working out of the policy at lower levels.

The experiences which Ingersoll narrates with wounded surprise and relish will cause chuckles among Britain's allies who encountered same in the other war. His informed catalogue of the pattern of a ruling caste's manipulations omits one procedure which was put thus by a British colleague at SHAEF: "To work with Americans you must have committees, many committees—always an American for chairman. Americans love

to be chairman. Be sure the secretary is British and controls all the papers." The quotation, fetched to me, was unexciting. Same caste, same pattern "toward allies," as last time. In 1919 the tactics were deplored by Britishers of my stripe.

Some proof of the Ingersoll pudding of 1944 could be eaten at AFHQ, Africa-Italy, in 1943. We seemed to be involved in most dubious battle, headed for murderous operations up the spine of the Apennines, in the name of invading "the soft underbelly of Europe." Militarily it seemed to make no sense, though politically it could look tempting to those who would plunder Mediterranean empires and "forestall the Russians in the Balkans." A stiff-looking price, in American lives. British officer colleagues knew this strategy well and distrusted those sent to implement it. They begged Americans to "get the true facts to Mr. Roosevelt, the only person in the world Churchill has to listen to." (We couldn't.) Last year these officers helped vote the Churchillian caste out, for a record which Hale would forget and Ingersoll insists on printing. . . . I have had letters from London inquiring about the goings-on over here of the "government in exile" (Churchill, Astors, Hore-Belisha, Harris, Beaverbrook, etc.). They wonder if American democrats are indiscriminating in their choice of British opposite numbers.

Part of the apologia for the war strategy of the British ruling class is cited with seeming approval by Ingersoll—that they had to avoid letting this class be decimated as it was in 1914-18. Those losses caused "their political and economic failure during the 1920's and 1930's. . . . The British are therefore in a very real dilemma if they have to fight too much of a war themselves. Their principle of personal leadership by the upper classes gets too many of these tiny few killed." The same pattern of excuse appears in a war book from the other side of the world, *Wrath Over Burma*. The identical pattern was offered shyly to me in Africa in 1943. Mathematically considered, this decimation theory seemed inadequate. Well trained British rulers, old-style, were ubiquitous at all headquarters. And the theory's exclusiveness seemed a bit nauseating when one recalled that the British "lower classes" died plentifully and bravely in 1914-18. Perhaps a truer explanation of

this legend would be that a ruling class, feeling its grip slipping, contrived a halo of martyrdom. Are they contriving other help? Such as private assurances over here that within two years they will have the government of the empire back in their grip, after the Laborite "patient oxen" (Lloyd George's phrase in 1924) have pulled things out of the hole?

If only to prepare for war, Ingersoll's narrative should be well studied, especially his last chapters.

HEBER BLANKENHORN,
Alexandria, Va. Colonel, AUS

English without Tears

SIR: I am in very hearty agreement with the sentiments of Mr. Orwell's article in your issue of June 17. Like such great men as Abraham Lincoln, I have no taste for obscure writing or speech. *But*, in the interests of good English, may I call attention to the following sentence from Mr. Orwell's article:

The writer either has a meaning and cannot express it, or he inadvertently says something else, or he is almost indifferent as to whether his words mean anything *or not*. (Italics, mine.)

Why the "or not"? Doesn't "whether" express the alternative? I think it is time we put an end to this "whether-or-not" and "all-to-the-good" line of expression, along with some other offenses against good English.

Los Angeles, Calif. FRANK C. REID

Help Wanted

SIR: Young men, veterans preferred, who have moral and physical courage, who would like to help bring freedom and dignity to oppressed and underprivileged people, who believe in honest democracy and in the fundamental goodness and worth of all the people, are wanted to help organize farm laborers, tenant farmers and sharecroppers in the South.

The wages are small. The opposition is rich, politically influential and frequently violent.

Dilettantes and Communists need not apply.

Interested persons should write full particulars to Captain Barney B. Taylor, Organization Director, National Farm Labor Union, Box 443, Memphis 1, Tenn. (The NFLU is also known as the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union.)

Memphis, Tenn. BARNEY B. TAYLOR

Press and Politics in California

SIR: The election result in California was not, as it has frequently been pictured, such a personal victory for Governor Warren as appears on the surface. It was more of a victory for the reactionary newspapers of the state, particularly in the Bay area. The campaign of propaganda which was carried on by the reactionary newspapers in this area was one which probably gives a fairly representative line on what may be expected in 1948.

Throughout the campaign reportorial reference was always made to Robert Kenny as the CIO-PAC-Democratic candidate. Warren, almost without exception, was referred to as the non-partisan candidate, not as the Republican candidate. All of the reporting, of course, was strongly pro-Warren. . . . Much the same line has been followed by the San Francisco newspaper oligarchy in foisting Lapham, the ship-owner mayor, onto that city and sustaining him in office with his record of heavy increases in street-car fares, proposed city sales taxes and other anti-social steps.

The continued control of the sources of publicity by the reactionaries means the continued fast pacing in the direction of

the good old Harding-Coolidge-Hoover era of "just-around-the-corner" prosperity.

Salt Lake City, Utah

VAL H. COWLES

Communists and Progressives

SIR: The California primary election results refute Curtis D. MacDougall's contention (the *New Republic*, July 1) that old-time liberals are thinkers not doers and that the split is between competent and incompetent. The so-called old-time liberals got their candidates elected; it was the Communists who showed themselves incompetent when the key men on whom they concentrated their support went down to defeat under that handicap.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

ART ARTHUR

From The New Republic Mail Bag

John Smith writes from Detroit that to follow James Loeb's suggestions (the *New Republic*, Correspondence, May 13) and refuse to coöperate with Communists in progressive organizations would only split the left and harm all progressive causes. . . . M. D. Popovic of New York, on the other hand, feels that liberals should "resume their fight for ideals" apart from the Communists, because, he says, the difference between Soviet thought and fascist thought is merely "a matter of degree and verbiage."

Orick Johns suggests from Danbury, Connecticut, that liberals can learn a lot from Communist methods, such as their appeal to underprivileged youth, the training of action blocs around issues, the penetration of progressive organizations. He says, "Liberal experience must be vast. Could not some brilliant person condense it into an everyday system of successful tactics?" He cites Lenin's writings as an example of lessons in the technique of political action.

Don B. Cook of Silver Springs, Maryland, writes that while Mr. Loeb's prescription may be hard to follow, it is necessary for liberal organizations to get rid of the "communist incubus." He says that liberals are used as Communist tools and suffer for this in the eyes of the public. He also maintains that Communists and progressives do not have the same ends.

Dr. Frank A. Chasan of Chicago, objecting to Mr. Loeb's view, writes that it is usually the liberals who split up a group, not the Communists. Dr. Chasan says that liberals who "are anxious to have their aims turned into reality" will work with anyone who wants to help.

John C. Weston of Los Angeles believes that coöperation with Communists is the lesser of two evils—the other being a "two-front war" by liberals against Communists and conservatives.

Clarence Armstrong writes from Washington, D. C., of an article in the *United States News* which says that military planners are already working out a system for decentralization of industry, since cities could not be protected against atomic-bomb attacks. Mr. Armstrong suggests that if we spent as much money on improving world social and economic conditions which lead to war as we do on preparing for it, we might save ourselves an atomic war.

William H. Long, Public Information Chairman of the United Negro College Fund, Inc., 38 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York 22, asks contributions for their third annual campaign. The Fund is trying to raise \$1,300,000 to help 33 colleges in their most urgent postwar task . . . the enrolment of veterans.

Benjamin Andrews of Edgewater, New Jersey, writes that Professor Horatio Smith of Columbia University is chairman of an American committee to send books and money to rebuild the library at Caen, destroyed in the Normandy invasion, and asks that our readers send contributions to him.

Books in Review

Self-Condemed Playboy

THIS is the fourth book¹ that Cyril Connolly has written to demonstrate why he cannot write a book. *Enemies of Promise*, perhaps his most significant performance, begins as a critical survey of contemporary writing, stages an embarrassing kind of nervous breakdown and ends as the spiritual autobiography of a generation on the loose. His novel, *The Rock Pool*, in the off-hand and brittle manner of *South Wind*, pursues this inquiry to the Riviera, where a group of expatriate artists create—not art, to be sure, but highly flavored local gossip. *The Unquiet Grave*, which he terms “a word-cycle,” is partly an intimate journal and partly a commonplace-book. The best things in it, the innumerable quotations from other writers, scarcely counterweight its intrinsic slightness. To war-weary readers, however, it endeared itself by pointedly ignoring the war. To literary critics like Edmund Wilson, parched for their sustaining element, its immersion in literature was particularly refreshing. Its fascinated air of self-absorption provided an opportune text for such superfluous rewrite men as Jacques Barzun. Its identification with the Virgilian figure of Palinurus suggested the parable of a man overboard, with an added implication that the dropped pilot—by dragging the rudder of criticism down with him—had done his bit to turn the ship of culture adrift.

Pulling himself together again, Mr. Connolly now emerges to collect the fragments he scattered through periodicals between his twenty-fourth and his fortieth year. Many of these earn their present subtitle mainly through that editorial courtesy which obliterates the distinction between an essay and a review. As a seasoned and skillful reviewer, Mr. Connolly is thoroughly aware of the limitations of his *genre*, which by turns he laments and lampoons. He disarms us by announcing that, although he would have preferred to supply us with epics or novels, he has drifted—“through a lack of moral stamina”—into the bad habit of reviewing. “And every bad book he reviews is a nail in the reviewer’s coffin. As with the queen bee and the worker, it is the quality of his nourishment that determines whether he is to be a critic or a hack.” Mr. Connolly’s reviewers, unless they share his fondness for the insect kingdom, will hardly know how to take this analogy. Perhaps, accepting another of his favorite metaphors, they will seek their own images in his narcissistic pool. And if the likeness proves unflattering, they may console themselves as he does, by blaming their critical shortcomings upon the dearth of good creative writing. They may even attribute the decay of their artistic aspirations to the social decadence of the nineteen thirties, including both in the sweeping condemnation of Mr. Connolly’s title.

It would be unfair to accept Cyril Connolly at his face-devaluation, not only because he so obviously likes to wear

his *angst* upon his sleeve, but because few writers today could measure up to the standards whereby he condemns himself. Starting with an intellectual candor which spares nobody, and is peculiarly hard on the things he loves, his endowment is really first-rate. His fine feeling for the textures of style comes out whenever he works with a passage before him. Both of these qualifications are evident in his obituary on Housman, which neatly deflates the chimera of academic paganism, aptly points up the comparison with Fitzgerald’s *Rubaiyat* and blandly reprints the fierce rejoinders of the don’s apologists, notably F. L. Lucas and John Sparrow. Compared with the softness of the one and the stolidity of the other, Connolly’s mind is nothing if not critical. His equipment is completed by the range of his reading and his travels; neither in time nor in space is he the least bit provincial. His travel sketches contain some of his finest writing, and record his development from an Englishman abroad to a conscientious European. If, at Athens in 1933, he still views revolution as an interruption of the cocktail-hour, he learns, at Barcelona in 1936, to participate in the tragedy of the decade. Always, but with a special poignance during the years of German occupation, his horizon is France.

THE OTHER ASPECT of his cosmopolitanism, the historical side, emancipates him from the fads and slogans of literary politics. Yet he purchases this detachment at the heavy price that Stendhal and Henry Adams paid: a time-snobbery, a bookish nostalgia, an eighteenth-century pathos. When he writes—or rather, reviews—on the subject of Pope, Swift, Sterne, or even Greville, he richly appreciates the classical or the dandiacal state of mind. But he sounds a note which might well have lapsed with Austin Dobson or Edmund Gosse, when he mourns—apropos of a new book on Lord Chesterfield—the prewar demolition of the family town house or the recent death of the last earl. For the man of letters to be a man of the world, albeit an admirable ideal, is undoubtedly a more exacting task in a world which no longer includes Chesterfield House among its monuments. Applying both his touchstones, France and the eighteenth century, Mr. Connolly imagines Voltaire on a visit to twentieth-century England, encountering all too little of that English bold-mindedness which commanded his lifelong respect. More directly, in a lecture on Anglo-French cultural relations, Mr. Connolly contrasts the amateurishness and childishness of his compatriots with the professionalism and maturity of the French novelists. “There is nothing to say; the Frenchmen are adults: beside them the English, for all their natural advantages, have not grown up.”

It is surprising, when we think back over the English literature of the twentieth century, how many of its heroes are clever boys who never grow up: Peter Pans, golden lads, *enfants terribles*. George Orwell, whose recent “studies in popular culture” complement these rather unpopular studies, has shown how much of the playing fields

¹ The Condemed Playground: Essays, 1927-1944, by Cyril Connolly. New York: The Macmillan Company. 237 pages. \$2.75.

of Eton remains in the national ideology. His schoolfellow, Connolly, is more concerned with the personal effects of public-school education; citing his own early success, he points out how hard it is to live down a reputation for precocity. He admits that some of the earliest pieces in this volume—the review of Gide's *Faux-monnayeurs*, for example, or the excellent essay on Joyce—are probably better than anything he has written since. He also prints a tired and tiresome section of schoolboyish parodies, diversions of the indolent reviewer, exhibitions of the sort of misplaced literary ingenuity that regularly expresses itself in the weekly contests of the *New Statesman*. One of his most interesting reviews, on the other hand, deals with a latter-day Chesterfield, the Earl of Lytton, and his memoir of a son and heir who was killed in a flying accident. Connolly's point is that the education of this promising young aristocrat, constricted by the anti-intellectual traditions of his class, excluded him from "the two great conceptions of our day: . . . artistic integrity . . . and . . . social justice."

Now Mr. Connolly's allegiance to the sphere of the intellect is beyond question. Believing in humanity as well as in the humanities, he calls upon each to save the other. If his "love-affair" with "England not my England" is frequently punctuated by lovers' quarrels, they inevitably revolve about the perennial issue of British philistinism. Why, he wonders momentarily, should T. S. Eliot have ever wanted to change his passport? In another moment—for his trend of thought jumps from mood to mood with manic-depressive agility—he comforts himself by meditating on the mortal relics of Henry James, which he fondly but mistakenly believes are enshrined in Chelsea. The old world has become a kind of museum, he feels, "too soaked in tradition and culture . . . to create anything outside of them." If there is to be any relief from the current standardization, any recoil from the prevailing commercialism, it will come from this country—he prophesies—precisely because America has felt these influences at their worst. The present dilemma of the English intellectual, as inconclusively stated in a concluding essay, is that he uneasily vacillates between those two great conceptions which Connolly has previously named. His artistic integrity is beleaguered by his social conscience; his pursuit of social justice is inhibited by artistic compunctions. That is indeed the stalemate from which writers of the forties must extricate themselves.

Looking across the political thirties to the esthetic twenties, rereading the masterpieces of that spacious decade, Mr. Connolly is inclined to say goodbye to all that. Proust and Joyce suffer, says Palinurus, from "elephantiasis of the ego." Yet he seems not disinclined to revive the precious cult of Ronald Firbank; he genuflects before the sacred wisdom of Gerald Heard; and he lays a touching wreath upon that monument which Hollywood and Doubleday, Doran have reared to the artistic integrity of W. Somerset Maugham. One closes this book—or Mr. Connolly's magazine, *Horizon*, for that matter—with a suspicion of anticlimax. On every page there is evidence of informed taste and candid intelligence; but there is nothing to inspire—and much to undermine—one's confidence in the generation for whom the author and editor speaks. The gilded playboys of Saki, who have aged if not matured, are now

the faded charmers of Evelyn Waugh; and, though they are not all as backward-looking as the gracile heroes of *Brideshead Revisited*, they face the present with an elegiac attitude. It was greatly to the credit of an elder generation that they remained Englishmen, at all events, with the accent on the final syllable: some of them doubtless literary blimps, others—like Wells or Galsworthy—genuinely devoted to social justice, all of them operating within a sense of security which is now as dead as John of Gaunt.

The ebb and flow of political exile and artistic expatriation have lately indicated that the center of Anglo-American gravity is shifting toward this country. The spread of Basic English, far from presaging a revival of British imperialism, seems actually to threaten an encroachment of the East upon the West, modifying the language of Shakespeare to suit the convenience of Madame Chiang Kai-shek. The fact that, after twenty years of Bernard Shaw's dotage, his birthday interview is still the event of the literary season, is something less than a sign of vitality. Some resourceful French critics, *faute de mieux*, have gone so far as to take Charles Morgan seriously. The accumulating recognition of so sincere, so sensitive and so essentially minor a writer as E. M. Forster is a damaging admission that England has no major novelist. Appropriately Mr. Connolly adds his tribute, for his position among critics is comparable to Mr. Forster's among novelists—gracefully diffident, self-consciously civilized and disappointingly slight. Perhaps it is appropriate that a civilization traditionally addicted to understatement, in a time of more than usual hesitation, should have such plaintive and peripheral spokesmen. Mr. Connolly seems well fitted, by precept and example, to preside as *arbiter elegantiarum* over the cultural disintegration of the Empire. His work serves more or less authoritative notice that England, long declining into a second-class power, has begun her decline into a second-class culture.

HARRY LEVIN

Three First Novels

IF THERE is a pattern first novels are supposed to follow, none of three new authors—Nolan Miller, Hubert Creekmore and Eleanor Clark—runs true to form. Essentially different as they are, they share one trait: their books are cautiously worked out, written with loving devotion and surprising skill. Their canvas is small, but they manage to fill it to the last corner. They do not fit into any contemporary trend, but neither do they start one of their own.

Nolan Miller's *A Moth of Time* (Harpers, \$2.75) conforms most closely to what one expects of a first novel. It is the story of Paul Lornefelt, a sensitive, bewildered boy growing up in the violent and rather crude atmosphere of a rapidly expanding, industrialized Detroit. Written with an acute psychological insight and an almost overpowering preoccupation with the smallest detail, it never reaches the smooth flow of William Maxwell's tragic *The Folded Leaf*—perhaps because the author lets himself go too much. There is no plot; incident follows incident as Paul grows older. However, Mr. Miller manages to let the reader share the boy's increasing awareness of the world, his gradual turning away from himself toward those around him.

His nostalgic conjuring up of childhood induces Mr. Miller to overwrite occasionally. While his similes are often

surprisingly apt, he tends to overdo them. But in contrast to his too frequent rhapsodies, his descriptions of the sexual awakening of Paul and some of his gang are written with a restrained realism which makes other passages seem lush.

One almost wishes that Hubert Creekmore had, once in a while, given in to the temptation to orchestrate more heavily. In his short novel, *The Fingers of Night* (Appleton-Century, \$2.75), only a few instruments are playing—it is almost barren. In many ways it is regional, with a dialogue full of local phrases, and in a curious way it brings to mind old-fashioned novels of a much earlier period. Perhaps this impression is created by the main character, the Mississippi farmer, Maben Ellard, who seems like a relic from another century. Maben imagines himself to be chosen by God to root out the sin of sex. A ruthless zealot, he makes his young daughter Tessie swear to abstain forever from the delights of the flesh. Maben is an almost incredible figure and it is to Mr. Creekmore's credit that one believes in his existence.

How Tessie marries her lover Claence after having become pregnant, how, not until the very end, can she overcome her deep-rooted terror of her father, is told in a strangely impersonal fashion. The pace is swift; Mr. Creekmore never pauses long enough to give his characters the complexity needed to make them real. It is as if Tessie's and Claence's inarticulateness had crept into his telling.

Miss Clark is by far the most polished writer of the three, and also the most audacious. For in *The Bitter Box* (Doubleday, \$2.50) she has set herself an enormous task—to compose a modern parable: the awakening of an ordinary bank cashier, his sudden plunge into a life that is incomprehensible to him, his final fall and—faintly visible—redemption. With admirable forthrightness, Miss Clark sets out to create an ambiguous world, seemingly real and yet nothing but a perpetual nightmare. That she has the cashier become involved with the Communist Party and adopt its creed with the same naïveté with which he believed in the Second Vice-President's *Reader's Digest* platitudes, is incidental; factional splits, changing lines, dying and reappearing magazines are used only as a fitting and grotesque sample of a world which becomes more alien the more man tries to figure it out.

This is a task which only a genius like Kafka could solve and over which many talented writers have stumbled. Miss Clark has Kafka's ironic detachment, his carefully studied dryness; she even manages to illuminate an ordinary place like a cafeteria with that fearful brilliance with which he transforms the drab judicial hallways of *The Trial* into corridors of strict and unconditional fear. But her world is never so complete, her parable doesn't embrace the cosmos, as Kafka does, and thus her symbols often appear arbitrary.

What makes Miss Clark's book outstanding are her X-ray descriptions of the implements of modern civilization, of escalators, undressed manikins, subways, skyscrapers and party offices. She relentlessly pursues these institutions, and after she has dissected them, they seem to reassemble themselves and reappear, like surrealist settings for a ballet whose deeper significance can only vaguely be grasped. The dancers in this ballet of life are being moved by invisible, menacing strings and the symbolism of their costumes can be variously interpreted. I wonder how many readers will find the key to *The Bitter Box*.

RICHARD PLANT

Does your morning newspaper give you "the sensation of dry leaves rustling in your stomach"?

READ

HARRISON SALISBURY'S RUSSIA on the WAY

"Your morning newspaper will give you less of the sensation of dry leaves rustling in your stomach," says Joseph Barnes in the *New York Herald Tribune*, "if you read what Harrison Salisbury has written . . . What would be at any other time a modest, interesting and useful book about the Soviet Union acquires a special importance in the spring of 1946. There are great gaps in every American's knowledge of the changes war brought to Russia. Filling some of these gaps may not eliminate suspicion and fear for every reader, but it will take a large part of the hysteria out of the feelings with which we watch our war-time ally."

Harrison Salisbury, one of the few correspondents to accompany Eric Johnston on his visits across the Soviet Union, provides an excellent picture of the land and the people behind the much-publicized "iron curtain."

\$3.50 at your bookstore

MACMILLAN

Current Books on the Far East

OF BOOKS about the Far East there is apparently no end, but for the moment the trend seems to be changed. Where most of them of recent years naturally have been the work of wartime observers (in the case of China) or repatriated prisoners seized in enemy territory after Pearl Harbor (in the case of Japan), they are now chiefly by more academic students of Oriental affairs. I have recently been pouring over five of them, of varying degrees of interest and merit, and they all have in common a sincere determination to make Americans realize the vital importance not only of understanding the problems of these decreasingly distant lands but of seeing their people as fellow citizens of a world community, rather than as strange exotics.

The two that struck me as most valuable are Foster Rhea Dulles' *China and America* (Princeton, \$2.75) and Arthur Walworth's *Black Ships Off Japan* (Knopf, \$3), both of which are concerned with showing Americans, by a historical survey, the vital role played by our nation in bringing about the intermingling of Orient and Occident. Mr. Dulles is concerned with the entire course of our relationship with China, while Mr. Walworth confines himself to an account of the Perry expedition, which opened Japan to the outside world in 1853, but both books have implications that go beyond straight historical narrative. Incidentally, they also possess in common the added virtue of being attractively written.

What emerges chiefly from *China and America* is the agreeable realization that the long relationship between the two countries, no matter how much it has been marred by errors, misunderstanding, prejudice and greed on both sides, has always had at least a saving base of sympathy and emotional understanding. To concentrate on our share of the faults, we have been guilty of racial arrogance, commercial knavery, a hypocritical willingness to share in the fruits of the British imperialism we have denounced, long appeasement of Japan and a certain bullying tendency; but, however mixed our motives, we have in the end managed to stand for Chinese independence and integrity.

Mr. Dulles, however, in his quiet and objective way, chasteningly reminds us of a less cheering side of the picture. No matter how uncertain our course in China may have been in other ways, in one it has been completely consistent. In any internal Chinese struggle we have inevitably taken the reactionary side. That was true in the days of the Taipings, who at least represented a revolt of the masses against Manchu rule. It was equally true in 1911, when Sun Yat-sen established the Chinese Republic, and the American press described the crazy idea as an "absurdity" and "simply preposterous." When the reactionary Yuan Shih-kai came to power, though, the State Department welcomed his "firm control." The Kuomintang, in its revolutionary days, was looked upon with horror, and was first applauded by foreigners when it struck down the left-wing elements within it.

Although he is entirely detached in his verdict, Mr. Dulles leaves no doubt that in present-day China the Kuomintang, as presently constituted, represents that same reactionary element we have always supported in the Far

East, and the Communists and the Democratic League stand for the forces of struggling democracy. It is a point which has been made in virtually every book about China in recent years, but it is worth being made again as part of a long-distance survey of American relations with the Orient. It is particularly timely at this vitally important period in Chinese history, when General Marshall's heroic work in striving for a peaceful democratic settlement is being menaced by our continued military support of the dubious side we always insist on backing. It would be wonderful to see us help the progressive side somewhere for a change.

Black Ships Off Japan sticks straightforwardly to its admirably told story of Matthew Calbraith Perry and his expedition and wisely refrains from bearing down heavily on historical parallels, despite certain apparent similarities between its hero and General MacArthur. Nevertheless it, too, has chastening things to suggest, such as that the mid-nineteenth-century Americans, despite their skill, courage and belief in "the efficacy of democracy," were also aggressive, ruthless and occasionally given to unscrupulous treatment of people of a different color—qualities which we do not appear to have outgrown and which are as dangerous when dealing with the Eastern races as they are at home. It is worth noting, too, now that our efforts to reform the Japanese social and political structure have reached a crucial point, that ever since the days of Old Matt Perry, the leaders of Japan have used the pride, gullibility and suspiciousness of their people to thwart the interloping foreigner after pretending to receive him graciously.

VAUGHAN WHITE's *Our Neighbors, the Chinese* (Rinehart, \$2.75) deserves mention as one of the oddest books recently written about China. Miss White knows and loves her subject, but seems a little confused by it all. She reveres Chiang Kai-shek but calls him "fascist at heart"; finds Madame Chiang ostentatious and shallow but gushes over her; approves the Kuomintang dictatorship but talks of its terrorizing of the people; shudders at the bloodthirsty Reds but tells of their moderate agrarian democracy, and seems to bestow her whole-hearted approval only on the puritanical New Life Movement. Like everyone else, she is enchanted by Madame Sun Yat-sen, but after noting her advocacy of "the immediate awakening, emancipation and enfranchisement of China's millions, the regeneration of the nation on a broad socio-democratic basis and death to all military tyranny," which I should have thought a pretty sensible program, she adds loftily that "no one for an instant conceded to Madame Sun political acumen." I thought for a while that the entire book was intended as irony, but, on the whole, I doubt it.

There remain two books to be surveyed hastily. In *The Chinese Mind* (John Day, \$2.50), Gung-hsing Wang, who is Chinese consul in New Orleans, offers a quick, handy and frankly superficial sketch of his country's thinkers, from Confucius to Sun Yat-sen, and their ideas. He urbanely avoids contemporary politics, wisely giving up after one sheepish attempt to show the Generalissimo as the ultimate flowering of the philosophical spirit. In *Japan's Prospect* (Harvard, \$4), nine experts, under the editorship of Douglas G. Haring, set down, with considerable objectivity, the problems to be faced in reforming the

Japanese social structure. To me the most fascinating thing in a thoughtful volume was the almost soul-shattering determination of William Henry Chamberlin to keep from making faces at the Soviet Union.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

Anglo-American Relations

The United States and Britain, by Crane Brinton. With an Introduction by Sumner Welles. Cambridge, Mass.: The Harvard University Press. 305 pages. \$2.50.

THIS BOOK, by one of Harvard's most distinguished historians, inaugurates a new American Foreign Policy Library under the general editorship of Sumner Welles. The Library is evidently designed for that elusive figure, the intelligent layman, who, to judge by the plan and content of the book before us, is apparently—and probably correctly—credited with more prejudice than knowledge about foreign countries.

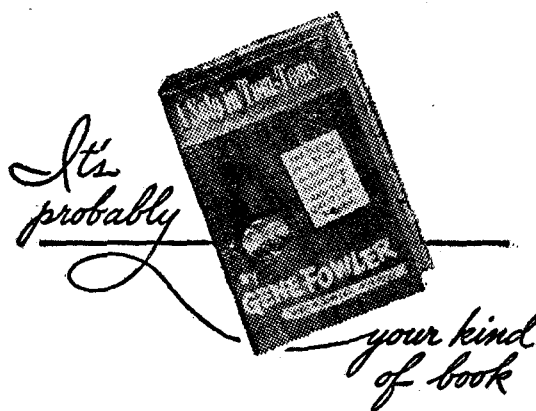
The United States and Britain contains a good deal of reliable information and a wide range of opinions and evaluations which, though sometimes dressed up in the guise of hard-boiled reporting and scientific neutrality, are really those of a liberal humanitarian who would love to see everyone behave reasonably and loathes all sorts of violence and disorder. For one of this turn of mind, Britain—where in politics, as in other fields, peaceful compromise has been the law of life for more than a hundred years—constitutes a sympathetic subject for research and interpretation. The British Empire (*i. e.*, India and the Colonies), on the other hand, falls into a different category, and it is probably not an accident that Professor Brinton skips rather lightly over this less pleasant topic. Something under three pages are devoted to India, and even in this brief treatment he finds room for several barbed gibes at the American Left. The Colonies proper receive even less consideration.

Now, of course, there is no point in criticizing a person for having written one book instead of another; but still a benighted adherent of the Left may perhaps be pardoned for expressing the opinion that an analysis of Anglo-American relations which so largely ignores the problems of the Empire is just a little bit like "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark.

A somewhat similar complaint could be worked up over the scant attention which Professor Brinton pays to the problem of the USSR and its influence on Anglo-American relations. But perhaps the fault here lies less with the author than with the conception of the American Foreign Policy Library of which his book forms merely the first instalment. The plan of the Library as a whole is not set out, even in the Introduction which Mr. Sumner Welles contributes in his capacity as Editor; but it appears that the intention is to publish a series of volumes each dealing with the United States and one particular foreign country and each written by a specialist on the history and affairs of that country. The weakness of this approach is that what A. J. Toynbee has aptly called "the intelligible field of historical study" now embraces the entire globe. (As Professor Brinton says at one point in the book under review, "by no mere turn of rhetoric, this is one world.") Of

course, not every book can deal with the whole world, but I think a greater effort will have to be made to recognize that this is "the intelligible field of historical study" in our day and that single countries or pairs of countries cannot be arbitrarily removed from it without grave danger of error and distortion. This is not the place to pursue this important and difficult subject; but it may not be out of place to remark that an acceptance of the point of view here spoken for leads inevitably to a critical reevaluation of the whole modern trend toward increasingly narrow specialization in the study of history and indeed of the social sciences generally.

When we turn to particular aspects of Anglo-American relations, we can find much in Professor Brinton's book that is both skillfully presented and highly instructive. This, I think, must be said especially of the chapter entitled "Economic Problems," which is, rightly, the longest in the book and in many ways the best. Though Professor Brinton modestly withdraws behind such phrases as "the experts tell us that," there is no disguising the fact that he is an accomplished amateur economist himself; and there are indeed few professional economists who can match his skill in simplification and lucid exposition. Most of the strictly Anglo-American economic problems are described and solutions are indicated. It must be said, however, that Professor Brinton deliberately puts an optimistic face on these matters, and the reader will hardly be helped to know what to expect when, for example, the British fail to increase their exports to 150 percent of the prewar level and/or when the next great depression hits the United



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States. Incidentally, the chances that both of these eventualities will materialize may be conservatively put at something like ten to one.

Professor Brinton's comments on British institutions and British psychology are those of an acute and sympathetic observer who made the most of his wartime opportunities to get around the country and mingle with the people. If there is to be any criticism of these sections of the book, it might be that he is inclined to take a somewhat too static view of present-day Britain. For example, the Labor Party is unquestionably as conservative as he implies it is, but I think that already during the war one could discern certain stirrings among the rank and file of British workingmen, and I should be much surprised if the experience of holding undisputed power does not greatly intensify this ferment and perhaps even bring about significant realignments within the labor movement as a whole. It would have been useful to have Professor Brinton's opinions on problems of this sort—problems which do not bulk large at the moment but which may, looking back from the vantage point of twenty or thirty years hence, prove to be the most important of the period through which we are now passing.

PAUL M. SWEETZ

New Republic News

A quick check around the office gives the editorial staff an average of four letters and telegrams each sent to Congress and the President to help save price control. This doesn't include the ones sent in by relatives, friends and people beside us on buses and subways under our fast-talking influence. The *New Republic* unit of the Newspaper Guild also has contributed telegrams in the name of that organization.

How about you readers? Putting such things as the thickness of the envelopes, the number of our readers and the height of the Capitol dome into a complicated equation, we come up with the answer that if each of you averages as well as the *NR* staff, the pile will reach three feet four and a half inches above Senator Pappy O'Daniel's office ceiling.

That many biscuits even Pappy can't pass. (With or without dollar-a-pound butter, of course.)

New Republic articles coming up: An inside story on conditions in the Ukraine; Paul Gould of the *Brooklyn Eagle* discussing unionism in American baseball; R. M. Cunningham Jr., who did the fine job, "Toothpaste Ads v. the Truth," in our

March 4 issue, writing about Cold Cures. All this, and Mr. Earl Browder on the Soviet Union too, we say casually, throwing in one of the biggest *NR* exclusives—a series which should attract wide interest and start a lot of controversy.

Many of these articles and others in preparation were written after suggestions were sent in by *NR* readers. The *NR* is your magazine, of course, so if you have any ideas concerning things you want us to find out for you and the other readers scattered over America and throughout the world, drop us a line.

Benjamin Waife is a roving correspondent for *Overseas Press*. He is the author of magazine and newspaper articles, and writes for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and the *Toronto Star Weekly*. He is currently touring Russia and Central Europe, gathering material for a book.

Harry Levin is an associate professor of English Literature at Harvard. His most recent work is a critical study of *Stendhal* appearing in the current number of the magazine *Pharos*, distributed by New Directions.

Richard Plant, former book editor of *Tomorrow* magazine, is now working on a novel for which he received the first Eugene F. Saxton fellowship for creative writing in 1945.

Paul M. Sweezy is the author of *The Theory of Capitalist Development*, a second printing of which, containing a long new preface, will be issued this fall by the Oxford University Press.

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